BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1941

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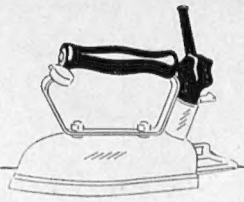

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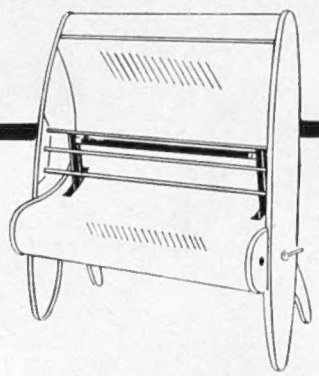

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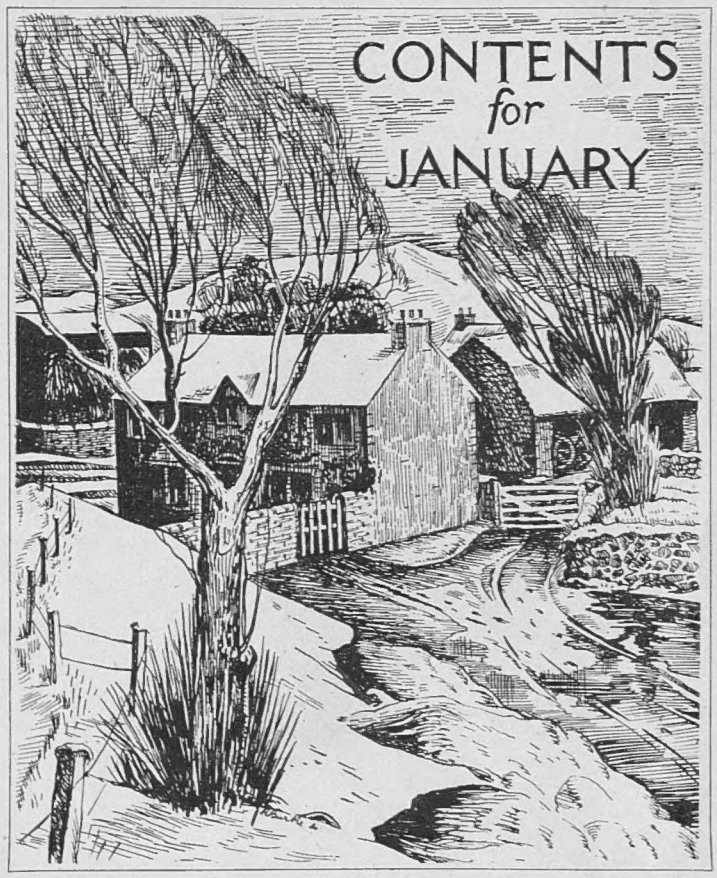
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 22, No. 1 JANUARY, 1941



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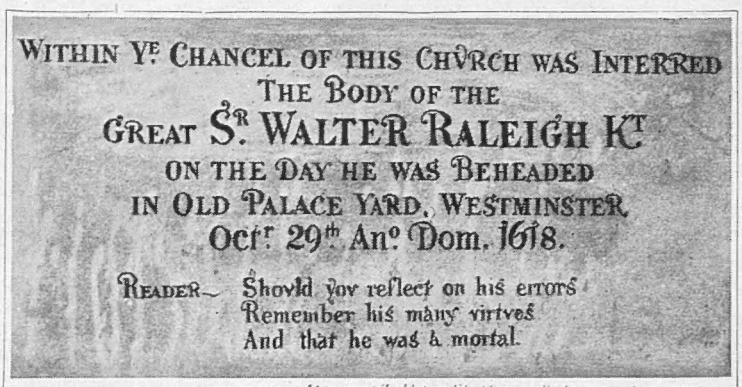
Let "Home Guards" fortify their steps
With Tonic Water made by Schweppes

BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

1. *Sir Walter Raleigh*


WITHIN Ye CHANCEL OF THIS CHVRCH WAS INTERRED
THE BODY OF THE
GREAT Sr WALTER RALEIGH Kt
ON THE DAY HE WAS BEHEADED
IN OLD PALACE YARD, WESTMINSTER
Octr 29th Anº Dom. 1618.
READER— Shovld yov reflect on his errors
Remember his many virtves
And that he was a mortal.

Memorial Tablet in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

ENGLAND'S eyes were on the Channel. That way invasion might one day come. Young Walter Raleigh, roaming the red cliffs and flowered combes of Devon, spent his boyhood looking across its pale blue waters. His imagination was fired by a thousand fancies. The galleons he watched were westward bound to strange and new El Dorados beyond the horizon's rim.

It was the middle of the sixteenth century. Mediæval England, with its barbarities and vigour, was flowering into something richer. Men were speaking poetry, as now they speak bad prose. Men still fought for the love of fighting, and loved for the fight of loving. It was a drunken, robust, romantic era in the fifteen-sixties when young Raleigh left the farmhouse where he was born near Budleigh Salterton and went on horseback to Oriel College at Oxford. Off the track of the Roman roads were only bridle paths. Few fields were as yet hedged. Inns were rare and their company dangerous.

Food was cheap and plentiful. Tobacco and potatoes were exotic. The cheapest form of amusement was singing. Few people read. Books were rare and written in Latin. Households, ventilation, lighting and sanitation were crude. But there was a world of great promise open to youngsters of spirit beyond the shores of England. Within the memory of living men had a certain C. Columbus discovered that after all the world was not flat.

Raleigh started his adventuring early. He was only seventeen when he first crossed the Channel, with the excuse of fighting for the Huguenots. He was a devil of a fellow with a rapier. And it was an age when a murderer, if he were gay enough and versified well, was no murderer at all. Even so, Raleigh was twice arrested for duelling in his early twenties; had sailed against the Spaniards in one of those private wars then so popular; and had indulged in a good deal of bloodthirsty combat in Ireland, where the Desmonds were rebelling against the rule of Queen Bess.

Back to England he came one winter's day in his thirtieth year with diplomatic messages. Did he really lay down his cloak in a puddle as his Queen hesitated? Perhaps. It was a day of humour and extravagance. The virgin's court was full of young men of handsome manners and witty tongue. Raleigh did not return to Ireland. For he was still a comely youth; and the Queen liked both his bold eyes and the suggestion with which his versifying was fraught. He joined the gang, took his place in the queue of young and not-so-young men who waited on the Queen's favour. Raleigh did not wait for long. Within three years he had been knighted and was laden with an almost embarrassing number of racketeering privileges; a patent here, a grant there; a wardenship and several leases of land; and as a reward for his quite modest services in Ireland as a subordinate officer came 40,000 acres of land.

Most important of the patents was one once held by his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. It authorised him to seize any barbarous lands not already held by Christians. For three years Raleigh organised successive expeditions to the American coast. It took daring and vision to sail across the Atlantic in the fifteen-eighties. The territory of America was of unknown quantity. This did not daunt Raleigh. He promptly christened the whole place "Virginia" and left it at that. It was somewhere between North Carolina and Florida. But even the pretty compliment did not soften the Queen's anger when she learned that Walter Raleigh had been carrying on with one of her maids of honour. That sort of thing was all very well, but was apt to lead to loss of one's head. It led Raleigh to the Tower, but also to the altar. Elizabeth, in a fit of amiable renunciation, insisted that he marry the once-chaste Elizabeth Throckmorton. And soon there was more trouble with the Spaniards, and Raleigh was in the thick of the fighting. He was present at the capture of Cadiz, and thoroughly identified himself with England's popular detestation of the Spanish.

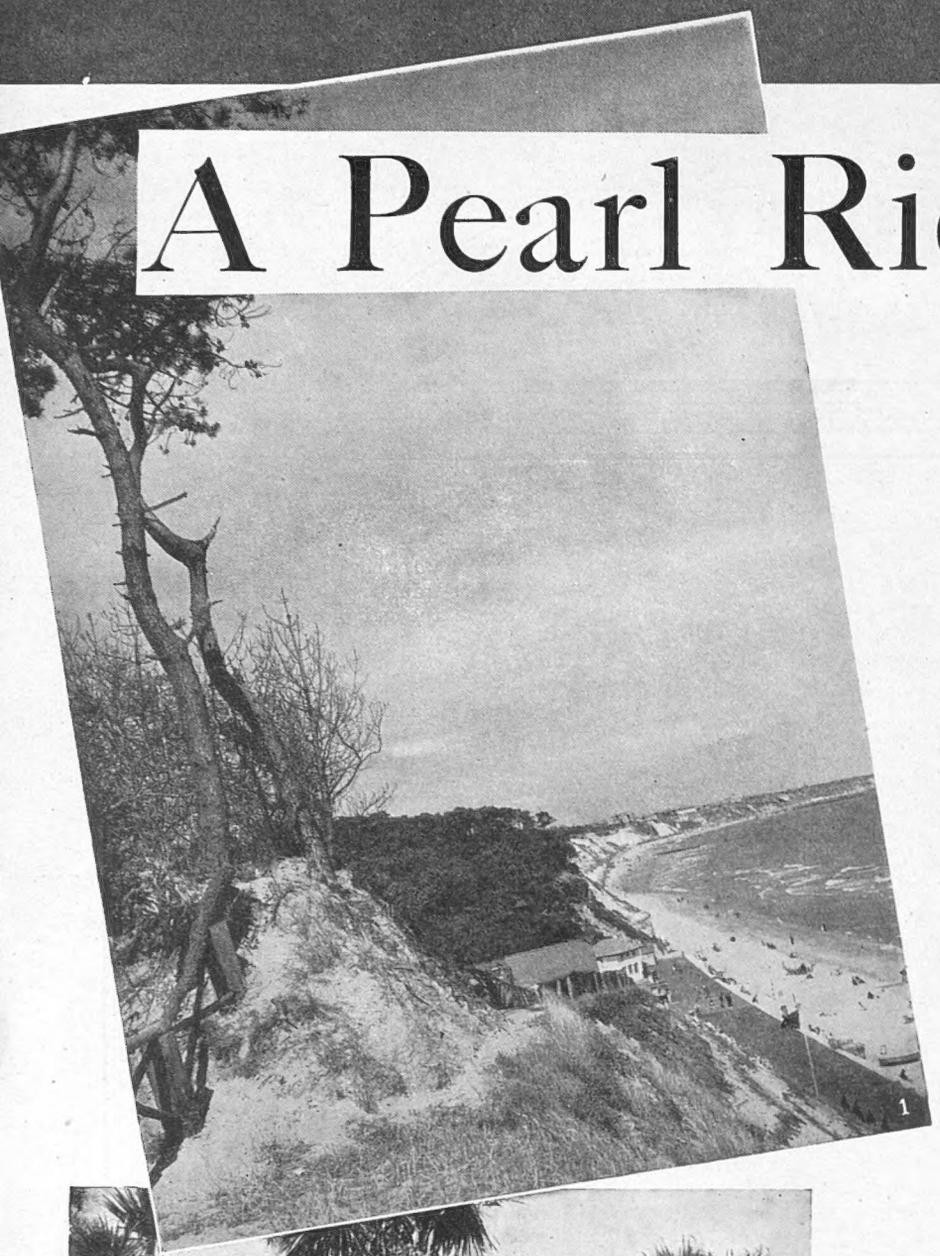
SUCH was Raleigh's record of active life during Elizabeth's reign. It has an Al Capone ring about it in the bald narrative. But Raleigh was a gentleman. He was a wit. He was a constructive thinker and an administrator of more than common ability. If he served his own interests and pocket (according to the custom of the time) he also served England's interests on the high seas. He was a philosopher and a poet. And in a world still enslaved with the old religious bigotry, he was a freethinker; which still took courage. He was a good husband and a good father.

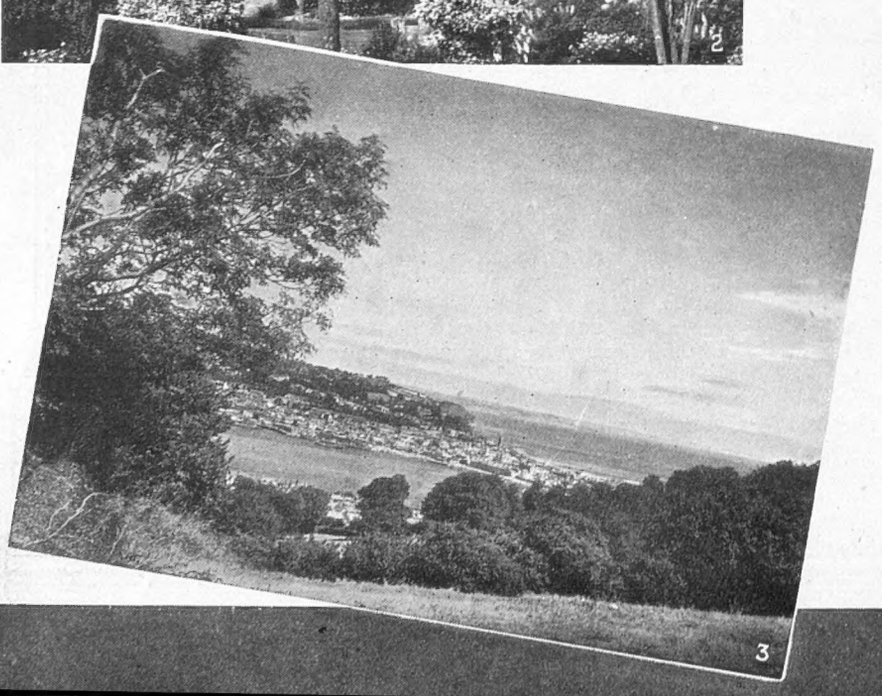
He was, with his virtues and vices, the incarnation of the Elizabethan spirit in England. And with the passing of Elizabeth, so passed his glory. He was one of the first of the many to be charged with conspiring against the suspicious James I. It must have been a bitter blow to Raleigh after his days (*Continued on page* 65)

A Pearl Richer *than*

The War and its Surprising it unlikely that the British Permanent Colonies of Leisured guests in the Pleasure

By George





THE idea came to me in Hyde Park on one of the most beautiful days in our rare Indian Summer. The guns gleamed darkly against the sun. The grass, in spite of mutilation by trenches and barbed wire, was greener than I had ever seen it. The trees rose in all their rich, protective foliage, and under the elms, those most English of all trees, lay a flock of grey sheep. And as I walked through these familiar beauties of the English scene, I a returned expatriate fresh from the débâcle in France, I remembered, at first vaguely, and then more clearly, one of the most touching lines from *Othello*. It was the passage in which the Moor, heaping black reproaches upon himself for the death of Desdemona, speaks of the base Indian who ". . . . casts away a pearl richer than all his tribe."

I returned from France last summer with several thousand other British subjects. Most of us had lived there for many years, some for professional reasons, some for reasons of economy, others for personal convenience and private pleasure. Other ships, at the same time, were bringing back their contingent of British refugees from Italy. Many of these returning exiles had owned houses and estates in those countries. Some of them had left behind them beautiful villas at Biarritz, or at Cannes, at Cap Ferrat, at Grasse, at San Remo, Rapallo and Santa Margarita, and other lovely resorts all the way down the Ligurian coast. Others had lived modestly in the cheap *pensions* of Nice or Mentone, or Florence.

The collapse of France, the entry of Italy into the war, uprooted several thousands of British subjects, marked a turning point in their lives. In some cases they have lost everything they had, through bombing or fire or pillage, and there is nothing to return to. In other cases the fall of France, the ugly revelation of Mussolini as a cowardly assassin, have worked a moral revulsion in them. France, they feel, will never be the same country to them again. Nor Italy. Would they go back if they could?

IN yet other cases the inexorable hand of time is against their return. On the boat which brought me back from St. Jean de Luz there was a charming elderly couple who had lived for forty years outside that picturesque Basque town. They owned a small

1. *Bournemouth from Canford Cliffs. Facing due south, this town is protected from east and north-east winds by a range of low hills, and behind it is a belt of pine trees which act as an aseptic and scented respirator, charging the atmosphere with healthful and invigorating properties*

2. *Penzance is the metropolis of the toe of England. It has a continuous record of the warmest climate in the British Isles during the six months comprising the first and last quarters of the year*

3. *Teignmouth, a popular South Devon resort situated amidst charming scenery at the mouth of the River Teign*

all his Tribe

Development has made
will settle down again in
and Moneyed paying
Resorts of Europe

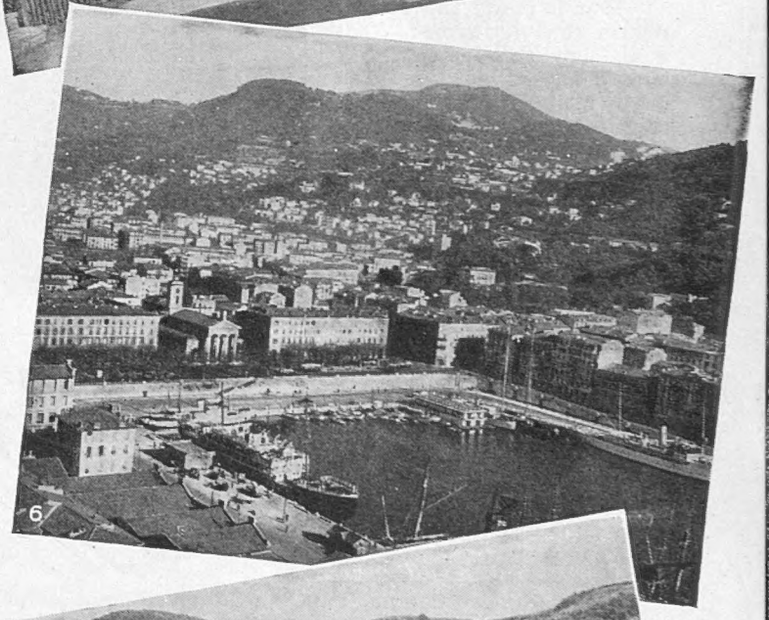
Slocombe

house there, and they had created around it a lovely garden. They had a small income, enough to live on quietly for the years which remained to them. They were too old to start housekeeping all over again, to buy a new property, to create a new garden, even if they had possessed the capital to do it. And they feared they might not survive the war long enough to return to their property in France, now in the zone occupied by the enemy. They were uncertain whether they would attempt the long and possibly dangerous voyage to the West Indies, or settle on the coast of Devon or Cornwall, where the climate was not more unpropitious than that of the stormy Bay of Biscay.

There are many other voluntary exiles from Britain who during the past few months have had to make a similar choice. Among the distinguished writers who have had to abandon their homes in enemy or enemy-occupied territory are Somerset Maugham, H. G. Wells, and Max Beerbohm. Mr. Maugham left behind him a handsome villa at Cap Ferrat. Mr. Beerbohm had lived for thirty years in a house with a charming view over the bay of Rapallo. I once called upon him there in the company of Ernest Hemingway and Max Eastman, the biographer of Trotsky, and we drank Marsala in his blue-ceilinged studio while he explained the essential difference of approach between his caricatures of King Edward VII and those of King George V. Mr. H. G. Wells had a house on the hillside outside Grasse.

ONE of the compensations of being a successful novelist, instead of a successful stockbroker, is the faculty of living all the year round in any place found attractive for its combination of climate, scenery and congenial society. Unfortunately the three advantages are rarely found together. The climate and scenery in Tahiti, for example, are admirable, although I once met a French sea captain in a night cabaret in Montmartre, who complained that in Tahiti it rained all the year round and the natives went about in oilskins. And I have known more judicious and less mendacious travellers who have had enough of Tahiti after six months. The local society of Hollywood ex-stars, beachcombers and would-be escapists from all countries proved a little trying.

Nor are the loveliest and most frequented pleasure resorts in France and Italy free from reproach, whether on the score of society, climate or scenery. Biarritz suffers, as I have said already, from fierce gales and wintry conditions even in high summer. The French Riviera is beautiful in winter, when the sky is blue, (*Continued on page* 52)

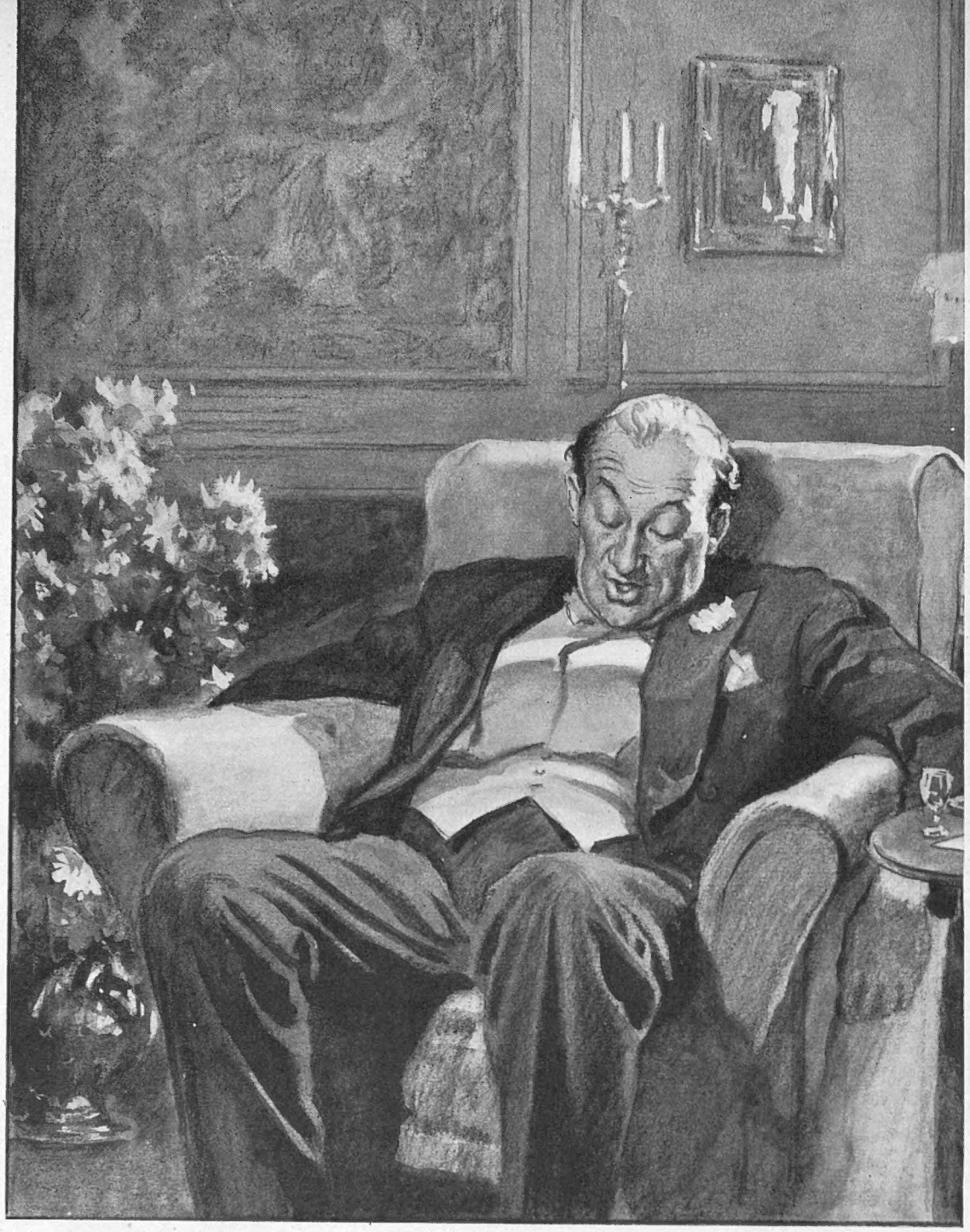


4. *Redbrook and the River Wye. This Herefordshire village lies among tempting scenery*

5. *In Shakespeare's country, Luddington, a typical Warwickshire village*

6. *Nice is the chief town of the department of the Alpes Maritimes. The front is composed of fine embankments and one of its famous boulevards is the Promenade des Anglais, constructed in 1822-1824 at the cost of the English colony*

7. *St. Raphael is one of the smaller resorts in the South of France. It has many popular attractions, including a very fine beach*



The Greeks

THEY sat at a side table in the dining-room of Nicky's Club; the Greek, squat, swarthy, with inky black hair and little black eyes, fat shiny cheeks and thick nose; the doctor thin, tired looking, with high forehead. They had known and liked one another since their schooldays; the meeting was Nicky's idea.

Most people liked Nicodemus, head of the Mediterranean shipping firm of Nicodemus and Co.; he was very rich and very kind. His father had been a naturalised British subject, and Nicky had been born British. In 1914 he had gone to France in a regiment officered by the sons of rich men; he lost an arm, came out of the army in 1919 and joined his father's business.

Now though Nicky was rich and kind, the doctor remembered that as a young man the Greek always had the reputation for having a reason for everything he did, even if it was asking another fellow out to dinner. So he waited to hear more when, after the table had been cleared, Nicky said: "Do you remember my nephew, the boy you pulled through a pretty bad illness a few years ago?"

The mental specialist thought a moment: "It was a case of breakdown after working at high pressure for an examination?" he said.

"That is right; and do you remember saying to me: 'What a fine boy your nephew is'? You described how you had sat by his bed during the acute stage of the illness; he was babbling, and you had listened to what he said; afterwards you said to me: 'When they are like that it all comes out.'"

"I may have," the mental specialist agreed.

"Those were your words. You told me that in certain cases of mental breakdown a patient could not help himself; he had to say everything that was in his mind, reveal his true personality, so to speak."

The specialist nodded.

"But when mad people rave," Nicky said, "they are hallucinated; they think they are the Pope or the Shah of Persia."

"Your nephew was not mad; he was in danger of becoming so," the specialist pointed out.

Nicky's next question made the specialist look hard at him.

"Do you think it scientifically possible to give a medicine to a person and reduce him to the same condition my nephew was in?"

"You mean, is brain sickness caused by a bug and can a person be infected with it deliberately?"

The other shook his head. "I am talking of cases like my nephew's; people who are ill for a short time and recover."

"I don't think such a condition could be medically induced," the specialist said. "Of course, people have been driven off their mental balance by being subjected to certain experiences and this has been done deliberately."

"But my nephew's case does not come under that category."

"No, he had an illness."

"His illness could not have been artificially induced by a third party?"

"Certainly not."

"You told me that during the phase of the illness when he gave a complete revelation of his personality, he did so without appreciating that there were people in the room listening to what he said."

"That is right."

"And you are positive that there is no artificial means of getting a person into such a state?"

"I am."

Nicky leaned forward; his black button eyes fixed the doctor. "Then how do you account for the Russian talking drug?"

"The what?" said the specialist, though he had heard.

"The drug used by the Russian police to obtain confessions from political prisoners."

"True confessions?"

"I understand they are true; I will put it this way: after being given the drug the prisoner will admit thoughts and sometimes actions, which he would never have confessed in his normal state. Everything he says is taken down; he is forced to sign, and at the trial the document is handed to the judges."

"What is the drug?" the specialist asked.

Nicky took a note-book from his pocket. "Scopolamine hydrobromide; it is related to hyoscine; produces a twilight sleep from which persons emerge to talk out of their subconscious

"*ZOE!*" *Nicky pointed to the first two letters on the sheet of the note-paper.* "*Who is ZI?*"

Meet

In a Desperate Situation Desperate Action is Needed

By Arthur Mills

minds and reveal what is deeply hidden during full consciousness. It can be administered in the form of hydrobromide salt which is soluble in water or alcohol."

"Tasteless?" the specialist asked.

Nicky hesitated. "H'm—salt! I don't know. Maybe; after all you don't taste certain laxative salts in tea."

"Thanks; I might have thought of that. Now do you mind telling me how you heard about this drug. Scopolamine, of course, is used in maternity cases, but I have never heard of it having the effect you describe."

"I was told about it by a Russian in Paris two years ago. I was interested in it in the same sort of way that you might be. When someone under arrest gives a true account of political activities, which he knows are punishable by death, and when the same thing happens in a number of cases and torture is not employed, then it is natural to inquire into the mental state of these persons. This Russian was himself a political exile. He told me about the use of scopolamine hydrobromide in Russian prisons. That is the prescription"—Nicky tore a sheet of paper from his note-book—"would it be easy to get?"

The specialist studied the sheet of paper. "Scopolamine is a drug on the 'dangerous' list; the applicant would have to give a good reason for requiring it."

Nicky thought a moment. "I will give a good reason. I should like to save British children from being drowned on the high seas."

"How would scopolamine do that?"

"I'll tell you." Nicky held his glass of brandy to his nose between short, thick fingers. "You know my firm have an office in Athens; well, the other day my partner out there discovered a channel by which news of British shipping movements, both in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, is reaching Germany. He made the discovery by accident. In the course of business dealings he obtained access to certain documents in a neutral consulate; in fact he saw a file that he was never meant to see; I need not go into details how this happened." Nicky winked. "This file contained certain cables worded in ordinary business language about freights and so forth, but also capable of giving information about the movements of British ships."

"Did these cables pass the British censor?" the doctor asked.

"No; they came from Spain. Wait a minute; I am coming to the point of the story. The cables all had office file numbers—like this." Nicky wrote:

ZI/AK/9 ZI/B/6

He showed his note-book to the doctor. "Whatever other letters and numbers were used, ZI was the prefix. This was observed by my partner, who happened to have some training in intelligence work, and knew that when reports about naval or military movements are sent they are invariably prefaced by the cipher number of the agent making them."

"Cipher number?" the doctor said.

"Yes, most countries allot cipher numbers to their agents in order to indicate the source from which the information comes."

"Indicate to whom?" the doctor asked.

"The department receiving the report; obviously an agent's name cannot be given in a written report, but a letter and number can—such as A 13, B 12. The persons interested have records of previous reports sent in by these agents; they know that A 13's information is reliable, whereas B 12's is not. Do you follow?"

"They could equally well use Christian names such as Tom or Dick."

"They could," Nicky agreed, "but they don't; the spy game has its customs; also from the agent's point of view, the cipher number provides protection. It gives no indication

as to nationality or sex. And that brings me to my reason for needing some of this—er—medicine. Have another glass of brandy?"

"Thanks," said the doctor.

When they had been served, Nicky continued. "You remember I told you the cables came from Spain—a shipping office in Barcelona to be exact; the Barcelona office is a branch office belonging to a firm working in London. Now my reading of the position is that a very fine German agent, operating under the cipher number ZI, is working in London, and sending his stuff back to Germany through Barcelona and Athens, using cables, wireless and possibly the telephone to ensure his messages arriving in time to be of use. The reason I have asked you to meet me here to-night is because if you'll play I believe I can get ZI."

"I am not going to administer drugs except for medical reasons," the doctor said.

"Of course not, but do you think you could get me a little of the drug?" Nicky asked softly.

"Well . . ." the doctor said.

THE following night Nicky invited a guest to dinner; they dined alone in Nicky's huge Park Lane dining-room, beamed upon by Rembrandts and Van Dycks. A magnum of champagne was followed by Napoleon brandy for the guest and kummel—or that was what it looked like—for Nicky. When the meal was over the decanters and coffee were set out in Nicky's study. Nicky poured the coffee.

"Sugar," he asked, passing a spoon over a small bowl.

"No, thanks," the visitor answered, belching slightly, his cheeks the colour of plums.

"I want to know what you think of this picture by artificial light," Nicky said, crossing the room and turning on a switch.

While his visitor inspected the picture Nicky tipped some of the "sugar" into the coffee.

"Very fine," Nicky's visitor said, returning to the big leather chair on the other side of the tea-table. "Do you want to sell it?"

"No, Joe, here is your coffee." Nicky put a cup down by the Armenian's side. "Cigar?" he held open the lid of a big silver box. "The reason I asked you to come and see me, Joe, was to talk over a little business proposition; you know our interests have been cutting into each other pretty deeply since the war started."

"Vi don't you amalgamate?" the Armenian said.

Nicky shook his head. "We don't handle the same goods, Joe; and we don't use the same methods."

"If that's the way you feel vat's the use of asking me to dinner?" The Armenian puffed a cloud of cigar smoke.

Nicky appeared to be reconsidering the proposition. After a few moments he said, "What do you think the cargo of that last ship of yours they got was really worth?" he asked presently.

The Armenian placed his forefinger against his thumb so that it made a circle.

"But you insured for plenty."

The Armenian nodded.

"How do you do it, Joe?"

The Armenian laid his head against the back of the chair.

Nicky watched his eyes; they were heavy. Never, during the years he had known the Levantine crook, could Nicky remember getting the truth from him. He must hear it now—and decided to take a chance.

"I say, Joe, you know that cable you sent to ——?" he mentioned the office of the neutral consul in Athens whose correspondence his partner had seen.

The Armenian lay back dreamy and contented. "Yes, I remember it, Nicky."

"You send a lot of cables out like that, don't you, Joe?"

"Sure I do, Nicky," the Armenian said, looking pleased.

"Tell me, Joe, how do you find out the information you send?"

"I don't find out; my friend does."

"Who is your friend?"

"I don't know; he just pays me the money to send the cable; that's all I can tell you, Nicky."

"Just the price of the cable?"

"No; five hundred pounds every time."

"I see; and then you send it in one code to Spain and they decode and encode again there."

"That's right." Joe sank

THE German remained standing. Nicky looked up at him. "You have one chance left; if you sit down I'll tell you about it," he said

deeper in his chair. "Nice fire you've got, Nicky."

"Glad you are comfortable," Nicky said gently. "Tell me one more thing. At the beginning of your cables you put the number Z1, then a stroke, and perhaps more letters and numbers—like this." Nicky wrote Z1/AK/9; he passed across the paper.

"That's ri'." Joe looked at the paper sleepily; his chin fell on his chest.

Nicky gripped his shoulder. "Joe! Wake up!" He dug a hand, made powerful because it was the only one he had, into the Armenian's muscles. "Wake up, Joe, I tell you!"

"What's the masser?"

"Joe!" Nicky pointed to the first two letters on the sheet of the paper. "Who is Z1?"

"I dunno."

"You must know! Think, man! Who brings you the messages to be sent to Spain?"

"A li'l boy—messenger-boy."

Nicky stood back; he put his hand to his head. That was the way they would do it, of course—an ordinary messenger-boy. Then an idea came. Again he dug his nails into his visitor's shoulder. "How do you get the money, Joe? Who pays you?"

The Armenian chuckled. "A nice fellow; he asks me out to lunch. I'm meeting him at the Savoy tomorrow."

Shortly after giving this piece of information, Joe, head of Joseph Drinhounan and Sons, Export Merchants, passed out. Nicky took him home and went on to see his doctor friend.

After listening to an account of the evening, the specialist said: "I can't say whether the drug made him talk or not; but any drug of that type, on top of the amount he had had to drink, would be enough to make a man irresponsible."

"I've never known drink by itself make Joe irresponsible," Nicky said. "Tell me, Doctor, do people who have been drugged realise what has happened when they get back to normal?"

"That depends on whether they have been in surroundings where such a thing might have happened. Unless this Armenian is suspicious of you, he will put the after-effects down to the dinner. What is your next move?"

"I'm going to see who he meets at the Savoy; after that, it depends."

(*Continued on page 57*)

Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

The Winged Bomb

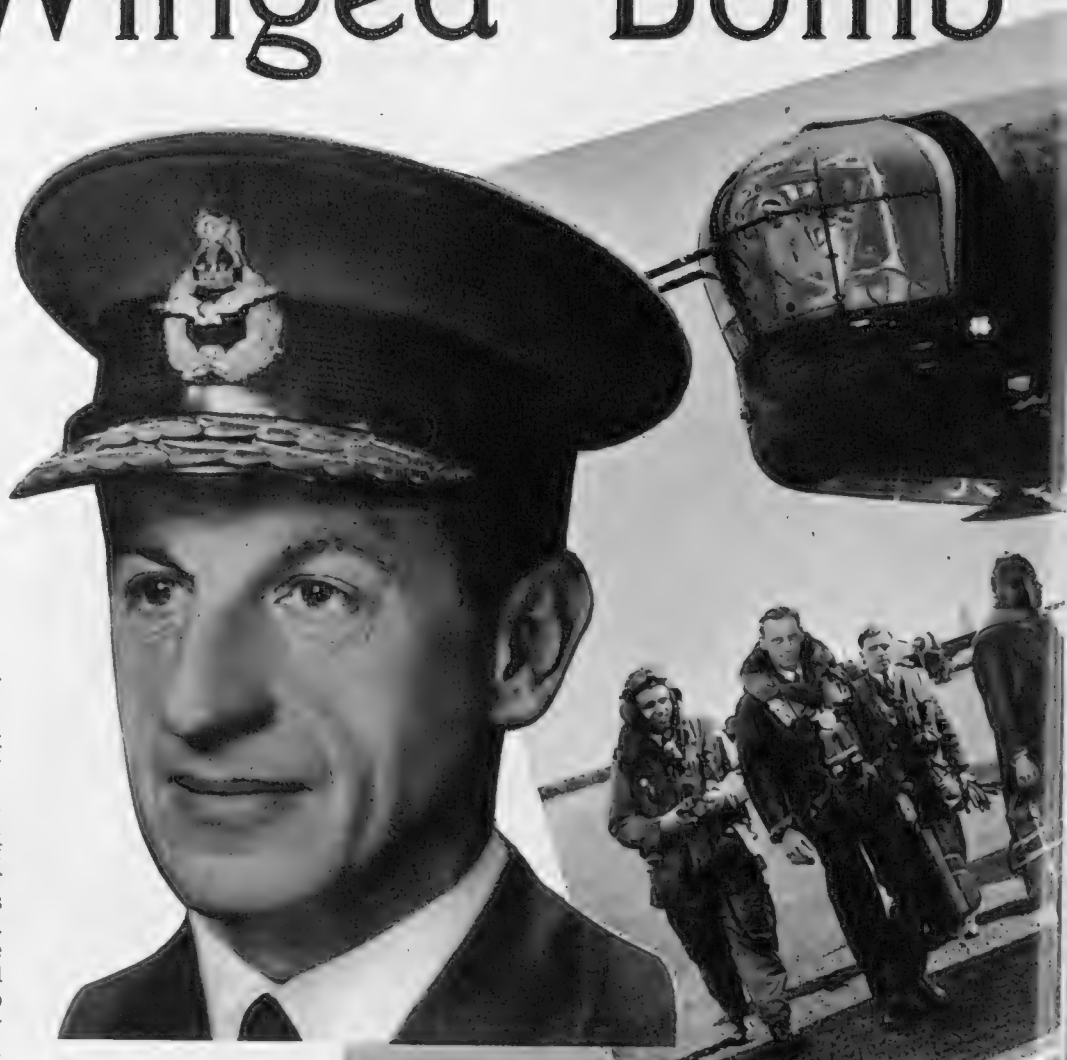
A FULL harvest moon glowing in a clear night sky lighted the way for the grey-green men moving quietly up to the barges. Their gear was already aboard: light artillery, anti-aircraft and machine-guns, cartridge boxes, shell baskets, bomb crates, all the equipment for forcing a landing and establishing bridge-heads. On a full tide the barges would ride high on to the English shore. In their wake would come the heavy guns and amphibian tanks.

The veterans of the campaigns of Poland and Norway, the Low Countries, Flanders and Artois, were glad to be on their way to the last of the *blitzkrieg* series. The wait had been long and perplexing. It was the night of September 15. The Führer's time-table for the war's end, and the proclamation from conquered London of the New Order in Europe, was a month behind.

Goering had blasted their sky path that day. They had heard the roar of the *Luftwaffe* squadrons going over, thousands of machines, it seemed, the heaviest engine noise so far. London must have gone the way of Warsaw and Rotterdam. They need fear no dive-bombers or aerial machine-guns as they waded, scrambled, and jumped ashore. The meagre British air force had been cut down to size for the kill next day. The Stuka divers would do to the British defence forces what they had done to the Poles, Dutch, Belgians, and French, making the ground job easy.

But there came a hum over the silvery Channel. Men glanced at one another under dull steel helmet rims. 'Planes! Our machines returning? But the swastika squadrons had homed before dusk. The hum grew swiftly to a roar, and suddenly the enchanted night caught fire, and thundered. Flaming onions cut orange trails skywards: magnesium flares, white and dazzling, floated earthwards, and under the glare the grey-green men crouched and flattened.

Then death crashed on close-packed barge and jammed quayside. The air was full of whizzing fragments, timber and concrete and shreds of men. Incendiaries sizzled and flowered into red flame amid the débris of the docks. Oil and petrol bombs exploded, setting fire to the water. The staccato chatter of machine guns overhead slid into a single metallic crash as 'planes dived low, spurting lead from powered turrets and wing-edge batteries.



Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff. He was formerly in command of the Bomber Command

The crew of an Armstrong - Whitworth Whitley twin-engined bomber studying their maps before taking off on a raid over enemy country. These bombers carry a crew of five: pilot captain, second pilot, observer, wireless operator, and rear gunner

BACK at German invasion headquarters, Attila's reincarnation received the same shock as his illustrious predecessor experienced at Chalons fifteen centuries ago. His thrust from Central Europe over five rivers to the western ocean edge had been blocked at the last ditch. The planned *blitzkrieg* had failed; and the conquistador, dreading a long war unsuited to his strategy, tactics, and resources, found himself confronted by one.

What had gone wrong? He got a long report, but an R.A.F. man could have gutted it in a sentence. That day "Old Punctuality" had cut up Goering's air armada, and that night "The Falcon" had dived and made his kill.

You can call that an impressionistic picture of what happened if, in fact, Hitler's invasion army was knocked back on its heels and flattened at the moment it crouched for a spring across the Channel on that night touched on by a laconic British communiqué of mid-October. That belated communiqué

Air Power Dominates all the Movements and Strategical Shifts and Turns of the Belligerents, and even Patterns the everyday Life of the Peoples who Live in big Cities under its Shadow

By C. Patrick Thompson

referred to an R.A.F. attack of a month earlier on the invasion ports on the night of the day the British fighter squadrons, then commanded by Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh ("Old Punctuality") Dowding, tore through a thousand *Luftwaffe* raiders like killer dogs through sheep, and downed 183 of them. Through Britain and America flared a popular Press story which linked that night's work to the promotion of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles ("Falcon") Portal from the Bomber Command to Chief of the Air Staff. The Americans were enormously interested, and I was asked to send an article about Portal and Dowding over the trans-Atlantic 'phone.

I described Dowding, trim, grey-moustached, pungent, active at fifty-eight,

Preparing for a trip over Germany. The crew of a Wellington bomber about to enter their machine. This type of aircraft is used for long-distance raids, and is capable of carrying a very heavy load of bombs

A view of a Royal Air Force bomb store. Getting some 500-lb. bombs ready to load up the bombers for a raid over enemy country

A formation of "Hurricane" fighters searching for enemy bombers. It was this type of machine that smashed up the large German air attacks on this country

the artillery officer turned flier, in action in the subterranean control room at Fighter Command headquarters. I told them about Portal, the Huguenot-descended, foxhunting-man's son, who jumped from Oxford into the first World War as a motor-cycle despatch-rider, transferred to the infant Flying Corps, went up as an observer with a Winchester repeater ('planes were not weaponed then) and nearly downed Immelmann with a shot, later bombed with zest and accuracy, came out of the war at twenty-five a colonel with a D.S.O. and Bar for gallantry and leadership, an M.C., and a string of despatch mentions, and began a new career with a permanent commission in the R.A.F., studying sea war and imperial defence, commanding at Aden, instructing, organising, plugging the point that bombing fleets to be effective must bomb with the accuracy of ground guns shooting, until he took over the Bomber Command in March 1940, marking the end of the

(*Continued on p.* 64)

SORRY to trouble you, but anyone who says women can't take it in wartime is nuts, and if you've five minutes to spare I'll prove it.

Carlos always said that if there were any justice in the world I'd have been born a hyena, but then, Carlos always was——. But never mind; I won't tell you what I think about Carlos. Let's try and keep *this* party clean.

It would perhaps be fairer to one and all if I attempted to give you a "close-up" of myself. My name is Vilma Soucheaux, and I come of a very old Huguenot family—I don't think! My name is, in fact, Elsie Strevens, and I've had so many aliases in my time that I've often had quite a little difficulty in remembering who I was at any given moment. But so far as this business is concerned I was Vilma Soucheaux, and so Vilma I'll be—for the moment, anyhow.

War is a funny thing. Possibly you've heard that before. It upsets businesses and lives. It's a ruthless process. It's certainly upset me and it's definitely upset Carlos, who, I imagine, is still running.

To return to the "close-up." I'm thirty-three, and very good-looking, they tell me. In point of fact, it has been said that I'm quite beautiful. Carlos always said that my main charm was my figure. He said my figure was one of those things you had to look at—and go on looking. I am slim, five feet eight inches in height. I take a small four in shoes and I've got a husky voice. If I have vivacity and energy it is because I have always had good health, though why I've still got it I don't know.

Incidentally, I know quite a bit about clothes. I have always liked good clothes. I know how to put them on and how to wear them, and I can listen to men talking about themselves and look as if I was interested. Morals—I've never been fearfully interested in morals, but I've never let a man that I didn't like kiss me—well, not often and not unless his bank balance was big enough.

So now you know.

It was a beautiful October morning and I was sitting in my very indifferent sitting-room in an even more indifferent rooming-house in Bayswater, wondering when I was going to see the inside of a first-class hotel again, when the telephone rang. This in itself was rather amazing, having regard to the fact that the account hadn't been paid. But it did ring. It was Carlos.

I'm not going to waste a great deal of time telling you about Carlos, except to say that Carlos is a very fast number indeed. There are no flies on that boy. I've heard it said of him that he would even descend to stealing the gold stopping out of a sleeping baby's tooth. That may be libel, but anyhow, Carlos is an extremely tough proposition. He is very clever, invariably has money which he makes in the strangest ways, but can always do with a little more of it. Carlos and I have worked as a team on half a dozen different occasions and it's always come off. He takes a lot of care, and when Carlos puts a confidence trick over, believe you, my children, it *is* a confidence trick.

Carlos said: "Is that you, Palsie? How's it going?"

"It isn't, Carlos," I replied. "It's gone. Where did you get my telephone number from?"

"At Max's Bar," he said. "Now, listen. How're you fixed these days?"

"I'm not," I said. "The last three cheques I've given are going to bounce good and plenty when someone tries to pay 'em into a bank. All my jewellery's in pawn, and life is generally quite fearful. But why the interest?"

He said: "Listen, Vilma. This is where we go to town. This time there's some real money floating about. You'd better meet me to-night at the Savoy. I'll give you dinner and tell you about it. Put on a pretty frock."

"Oh, yes, sir!" I said. "And what do I use for money? Also, I don't like the idea of going to the Savoy on a bus."

He whistled.

He said: "No? It's not as bad as *that*, is it?"

I said it was.

He said: "All right. I'll stake you. I'll send somebody round with a little dough on account. Get yourself fixed up and get some *good* clothes—everything you want for a killing."

"I see," I said. "What is it—love stuff again? Some tired business man?"

He said: "No. This is a unique proposition, baby. And there's money in it."

"Oh, yes," I said. "What sort of money, and how much do I get?"

Carlos said: "Listen. If we play this right—that is, if *you* play it right—there's twenty thousand in it, and because so much depends on you, I propose to give you half as and when we get our hooks on it. Is that O.K.?"

"It's marvellous," I said. "Can I have *Suprême de Volaille* and champagne to-night?"

Carlos said: "You can have anything you like, and I'll be waiting for you at eight o'clock."

I said I'd be there. When he'd hung up I gave myself a cigarette and thought of all the things I could do with ten thousand pounds.

THE Savoy is still the Savoy, even if there is a war on. I must say Carlos had done the right thing by me.

When I tell you that that boy sent round three hundred in really *good* Bank of England notes, you'll realise that he meant business. I got some of my best bits of jewellery out of hock, did some quick shopping, and I think I can honestly say I looked definitely good. I've always found that a rather severe but very well-cut black frock goes with my style and my hair. I'm a real ash-blonde, by the way.

I had that glow that comes to a woman when she knows she is really well dressed, is eating a very good dinner and that a lot of people's eyes are on her—the men's saying one thing and the women's just hating—you know.

When we were drinking our brandy Carlos said :

"Listen, baby, and listen carefully. Don't make any slip-ups. This is the way we're going to play it. A man has arrived to-day at the Parkside Apartments. He's living in No. 6 by himself. He's a Canadian—his name is Justin McCall. He's twenty-nine years of age."

"Ah ha!" I said.

I quietly sipped a little more brandy.

"There are four very interesting things about this Justin McCall," Carlos went on. "The first is that he's over here on behalf of the Canadian Purchasing Commission. They deal in big war contracts. The second thing is he's one of the cleverest business men in Canada. The third thing is that he doesn't like his wife a bit, and she's not with him, and the fourth is that while he's in some ways rather a repressed sort of individual, there is one type that he goes for—*your* type."

"I see," I said. I sighed. "I'm beginning to understand you, chief."

"All right," said Carlos. "Now listen some more. McCall has been trying to get his wife to consent to a quiet divorce for a couple of years, but she's not having any. She's just dug her toes in and insists on staying Mrs. McCall. Well, that puts Justin in rather a bad spot. He's such a big man that he has to behave—in Canada. But over here might be a different proposition."

"I follow you, Carlos," I said. "And where does the money thing come into this?"

"This way," said Carlos. "If McCall was to fall for you in a big way, I think he'd pay plenty to keep the fact quiet. He's got one or two enemies in Canada, people who'd get to work on Mrs. McCall before you could say knife."

"And do you think he'd pay as much as twenty thousand to keep that quiet?" I asked.

Carlos grinned some more.

"He's got to," he said. "Just at this moment he's in the middle of a big deal, in which the Governments of Canada, this country and America are concerned. He just can't have any scandal, more especially if you were a married woman."

"But I'm not," I said.

Carlos said, "He's not to know that. I'm suggesting, for the purposes of this little job, that you're my wife—Mrs. Carlos Wayne. Only in name, of course," he said.

"You're telling me, Carlos," I told him. "Any time I really have to get hooked up

Love *can be* Wonderful

A *Plot which went Awry through the one* Emotion *that makes* Fools *of all* Women

By

Peter Cheyney

ON the fourth evening I went round and saw Carlos. We had a little drink, and he asked me, "Well, how's it going?"

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

with you I'll certainly get myself bitten by a rattlesnake first."

"That's all right, baby," he said. "We understand each other. Now let's get down to a little definite scheming, shall we?"

I said, "If I had another glass of brandy, I think I could be good at scheming."

Carlos told the waiter to leave the bottle.

I BELIEVE I have suggested that when Carlos and I get down to a proposition we work fast. Well, this time we positively *hurried*. Let it suffice, *mes enfants*, that I was installed in a very charming suite on the second floor of the Parkside Apartments at three o'clock the next afternoon, with some *very* nice clothes.

Carlos, in that mysterious way of his, had elicited the fact that McCall was dining with some big-wigs at seven o'clock and would be returning to the Parkside Apartments at eight. Carlos suggested that if I could pull it off pretty quickly it would be a good thing—that we didn't want to waste any time. He also suggested to me that Mr. Hitler's *blitzkrieg* usually starts round about dusk and that I might even take advantage of that fact. I did.

I got myself all dolled up in a négligée that was so alluring that it even made me gasp. I'd had my hair specially done and I was wearing a very carefully selected line in shoes and stockings. By opening the door of my apartment very slightly, I could keep an eye on the corridor.

Well, if ever a girl had luck it was I. Carlos had given me a vague description of McCall, but when I saw that big, six-foot, rather slim man, very well dressed and with the sort of moustache that I really *like*, walking down the corridor towards his apartment, I *knew* it was McCall, and I *knew* it was going to be easy.

And then, just at the right moment, the siren went, and also, just to give me another little hand, the Hyde Park guns started loosing off. I waited two or three seconds. I gave him just time to get to the door of his apartment, and then I leapt out into the corridor like a startled fawn, staggered blindly but charmingly, and with what I intended to be a delightful wiggle, down the corridor, gave a delightful shriek and collapsed in a dead faint at McCall's feet.

HE held a hundred pound note in his fingers. "I want you to get rid of all those clothes and things," he said. "I want you to get yourself some new things and a very swell dinner frock"

I should like to point out to you that this act was very well done and that Hollywood will probably snap me up any time I can get the fare to get there. However, to return to our muttons, McCall stooped down and carried me into his flat.

I didn't mind the process. The man was extraordinarily strong, and I felt nice and safe and comfortable while I was being carried. You, I am certain, have read, or been told at some time or other, that war, with its attendant risks, brings us all much closer together. You're telling *me!* Well, it brought Justin McCall and myself pretty close together, because it was quite a while before I left his apartment, still a little shaken but bearing up bravely, having absorbed one very small brandy and soda, disclosed to him my fears of air raids, due to the effect of a terrible bombing I had experienced whilst I was in Barcelona—which I thought was a good line to pull, and generally put the 'fluence on him.

I felt his eyes following me down the corridor as I went back to my own apartment, and when I tell you that I had already made a date to dine with him the next night so that he could be with me during the raid, you will realise that I am no laggard.

NOW I am going to make an admission. I am going to admit definitely that I enjoyed the next three days. Justin gave me the most marvellous time. I must say that the description of his character which Carlos had originally given me was entirely correct. Justin seemed to me to be one of those two-sided men. At his own job I imagine he'd be wonderful, and tough, brilliant and very hard to take, but, believe me, where women were concerned, that man was the most utter and complete mug that ever a scheming momma cocked her cap at.

I didn't see him on the fourth evening. I said I had to visit a relative.. He was shattered, because even by now he'd got into the habit of seeing me every day. I hadn't, of course, suggested in any way that I was a "married woman." I was going to leave all that to Carlos, although the idea of Carlos being an aggrieved husband made me laugh heartily.

Anyway, on the fourth evening I went round and saw Carlos. We had a little drink. Then he said:

"Well, how's it going?"

"Carlos," I said, "it's not only going, it's gone. This man is nuts about me. Every time he looks at me his eyes are so filled with love that it positively hurts. He's told me all about his wife, quite a lot about his business, and is that boy *rich!* He's doing this job for the Purchasing Commission as a sort of hobby. Do you know, I believe he's nearly a millionaire!"

Carlos grinned. He said:

"You're telling me. Twenty thousand doesn't mean a thing to that boyo."

We did a little more talking and then we got down to hard tacks.

We arranged the set-up, and even if it was a very old act we were both perfectly certain that it would work.

Next night I dined with Justin. He looked more soulful than ever. We had an excellent dinner, after which we returned to the Parkside Apartments. At nine o'clock I made him tea in his flat. At nine-thirty I began to tell him the story of my life, a special edition that Carlos and I had thought up the night before. At ten o'clock, whilst Justin was in the dining-room getting me a little drink to make me feel better, I took the catch off the front door of the flat. At ten-five I continued with the life story. At ten-fifteen I was in tears, having come to the most dramatic part of the job—and I may tell you that the life story was so pathetic that it would have frozen the heart of a brass monkey—and at ten-twenty I was in Justin's arms. He was kissing my lips, nose, forehead and hair, telling me that I was to worry about nothing, that I was his little honeypot.

This *dénouement* synchronised with the arrival of Carlos, who stood in the entrance way of the drawing-room, his evening overcoat folded across his arm, looking the perfect picture of a trusting husband who has been taken for a ride by his naughty little wife Vilma. Carlos was very good. He looked at me and he said in an icy voice :

"I thought something like this was going on. I have had you watched for the last few days, you——"

Justin said, "Just a minute." His voice was very steely. Then he said to me, "Vilma, who is this man?"

I looked at the floor. One great big tear splashed on the Aubusson carpet. I said in a hoarse, broken voice :

"Justin, I should have told you. This is Carlos Wayne, my husband." Then I looked at Carlos and said in a strangled voice, "My God, how I hate you!"

Carlos said, "Possibly. At the same time, this matter is not going to remain where it is." He looked at Justin. "Mr. McCall," he said, "I think you and I should talk. I propose to divorce my wife and cite you as the co-respondent. Perhaps you'd like to discuss the matter with me to-morrow morning. I shall be free at eleven o'clock."

He stood there looking at Justin like a bad-tempered snake.

Justin was quite unperturbed. He lit a cigarette and said :

"Very well. I'll be expecting you."

I thought this was my cue for exit. Somehow I didn't want to stay on there after Carlos had gone and listen to *anything* that Justin wanted to say. I staggered—it was a very attractive stagger—out of the room, went along to my own apartment and locked myself in.

HALF an hour later, Carlos rang up and said :

"Honey, are you good or are you good! I think I'm going to put the price up to twenty-five thousand. I'll be seeing you."

When I put the telephone down, I sat on the bed and looked at the floor. I'm now going to make a confession to you, boys and girls. For some unknown reason I was not feeling at all elated. For some unknown reason the idea of Carlos making a most successful tap next morning, getting away with that money and splitting it with me, didn't seem in the remotest degree attractive. I think I have already explained to you that I am not a sentimental sort of woman. In point of fact, I am supposed to be quite fairly tough. But I didn't feel at all good. I went over to the sideboard and mixed myself a really stiff brandy and soda, and asked myself one straight question. I asked myself whether I was slipping, whether I was losing my technique or *what* was the reason for this strange feeling that had come over me.

And then I got it. It hit me like a well-aimed brick, that for the first and only time in a life which had not been entirely without incident I had actually *fallen in love with a man.*

I was in love with McCall. Can you beat it? You all know the scene on the movies where the bad girl of the family, faced with the choice of doing the wrong thing and being rich and the right thing and being miserable, walks up and down her bedroom chewing her handkerchief and fighting with her soul. We've all seen that scene so many times that I don't propose to enlarge on it. But that's just what I did. I'm telling you one and all that Joan Crawford had nothing on me for the next hour or so, but at the end of that time I had come to a definite conclusion. I had come to the conclusion that I was going to stop this nonsense, that I was going to tell Justin the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that even if after I'd done this Carlos liked to get really angry, even to the extent of slamming me around, I was going to stand for it.

I assure you I had no delusions. I knew what it meant. It meant that I should be "out" with Carlos, who was the only person in the world that I could call anything resembling a friend; that I should be back in the rooming house in Bayswater and that, unless something really miraculous turned up, I should probably be telling the landlady funny stories about not paying the rent within the next month.

And the joke was I somehow didn't care. (*Continued on page* 62)

Middle *Sea*

NO one, of course, can do much more than guess at precisely what period in the world's growth what we now know as the Mediterranean came into being. Before that time, no doubt, strange beasts—fearsome of aspect, but possibly a good deal more inoffensive than the humans which were presently to replace them—roamed the wooded summits of the hills which are now the Mediterranean isles, and crossed dry-shod at will from Africa to Europe and vice versa. In due time the waters invaded the plains, and they became the sea bed; but it seems likely that for some time—an æon or so—the sea was still literally the lake successive conquerors have tried to make it, and that there was no direct outlet from it to the Atlantic on the one hand and to the Black Sea on the other. Then came the final convulsion which rent apart the Africa and the Asia to be from the Europe of future history. The stage was set for the great pageant of Mediterranean sea power.

The stage was set; but the players were not yet come. And still through the long centuries the mist of pre-history broods over the waters which as yet no adventurer's keel had cloven. It is not until the thirteenth century before Christ that the curtain begins to be raised. Legends—half myth, half history—like the tales of Argo and of the voyages of Ulysses indicate how the Greeks, then, as always, indefatigable traders and colonisers, were spreading their commerce and their culture all through the archipelagos and along the coasts of the Middle Sea. Simultaneously, almost, the power of Phœnicia is coming into being. From Tyre and Sidon, from Hippo and Carthage, from a score of vanished colonies along the coast of North Africa and in Spain, the long lean oared galleys of that wonderful Semitic people explored the whole Mediterranean littoral, and brought the commerce of the known world to the marts of their seaports. The almost complete disappearance of the Phœnician culture is one of the puzzles of history. The truth probably is that they were always more merchants and traders than fighters and that with the rise of the great warlike empires of Turkey and Rome, the weakest went to the wall.

Decoration by

The Pageant of the Mediterranean

By C. Fox Smith

What manner of craft were they, these early Greek and Phœnician galleys? Of the latter, very little reliable detail is known. All that can be said with any certainty is that they were flat bottomed, driven by oars, sometimes in two or three banks, and that they were very long in proportion to their beam. These qualities continued to be more or less characteristic of Mediterranean ship design right on to the fifteenth century of our era—a fact which was destined to have a far-reaching effect on the history of sea power.

The Greeks, learning no doubt from the Phœnicians, also adopted the two- and three-banked galley, especially the latter, as their standard fighting ship. Generally speaking, the Greek trireme was about 150 feet long, with an 18-foot beam. She was built of fir planking, with an oak keel, and her mast (only used in fair weather) was also of fir. Her hull was reinforced by timbers which were carried horizontally round the vessel, and by cables or girdles encircling the ship under water. She carried a crew of about two hundred, most of them being rowers, and her chief offensive armament was the bronze ram projecting well beyond the prow, in earlier ships above the waterline, but later below it.

ACT ONE—*Salamis*. 480 B.C. The curtain rises on Act One of the drama of the Mediterranean. Salamis.

The epic struggle between Greece and Persia is reaching its climax. For ten years it has been waged with varying fortunes. The armies of Darius the Great King have been signally defeated on the plain of Marathon. Leonidas the Spartan, dying with all his men at Thermopylæ in a heroic effort to stem the onslaught of the army which Xerxes, son of Darius, has launched against Greece in a second attempt to crush her resistance, has left a name which is destined to outlast empires. But for the time being Xerxes is the victor. His myriads threaten Greece—threaten Athens herself.

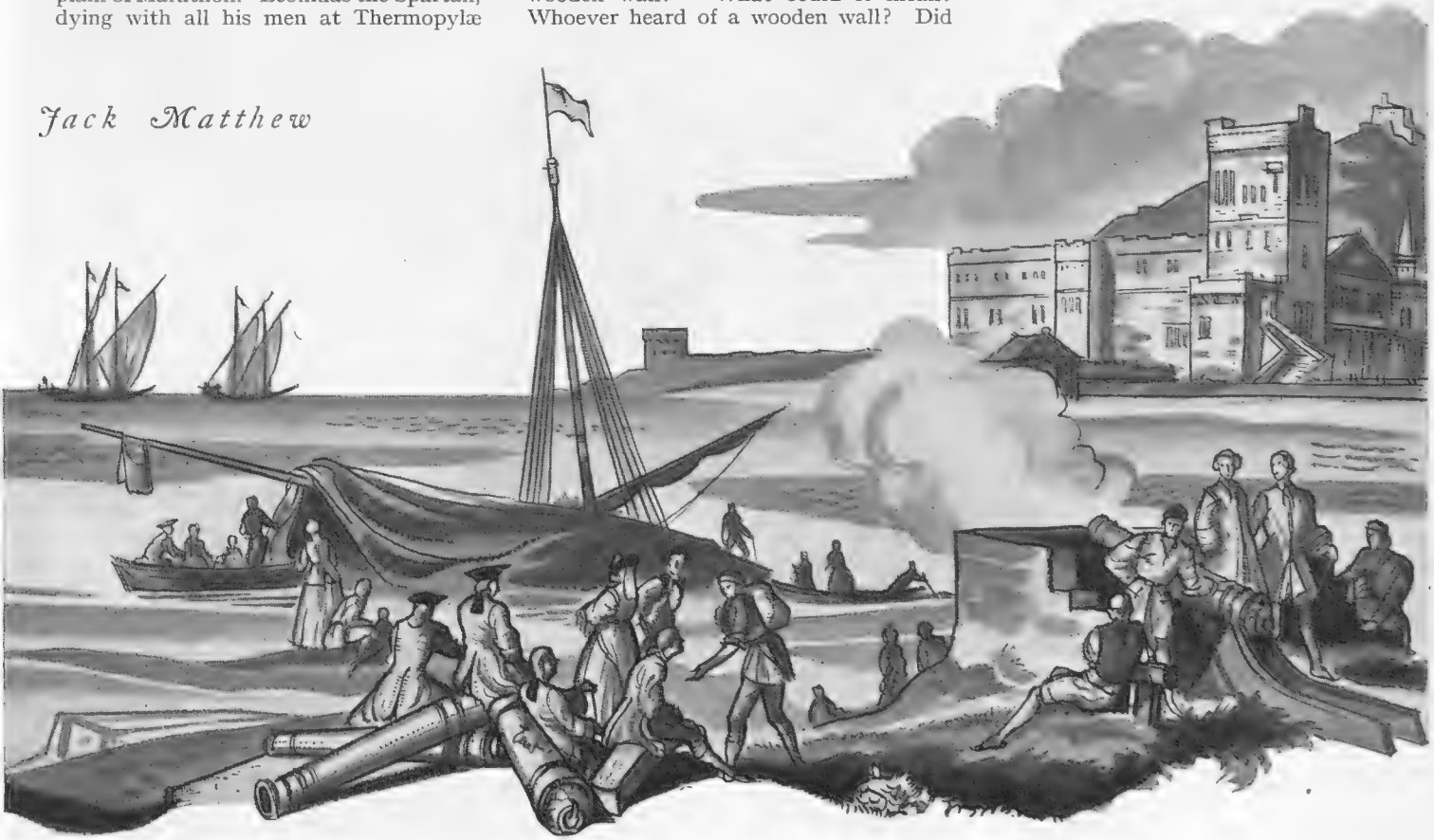
The preacher's saying that "there is no new thing under the sun" finds here more than one apt application. In the face of the Persian peril what did the Greeks do? They evacuated! The aged, the sick, the women, the children, were all removed hastily to the neighbouring islands, while the men remained to face the invader, and envoys were dispatched to the oracle of Delphi to seek counsel in the hour of danger.

The oracle was far from encouraging. Cryptic as was the answer it gave to the anxious Greeks, it held out little hope of a successful resistance to the invader. As a matter of fact, it appears highly probable that what we now call "the Fifth Column" was by no means unknown even in the fourth century before Christ, and that, to put it briefly, the Pythoness of Delphi had been "got at" by the Great King. The Greeks were in despair; but they tried one more visit to the oracle. This time the answer, though still gloomy, contained advice which at first the Athenians found very bewildering. "Trust in the wooden wall." "The wooden wall?" What could it mean? Whoever heard of a wooden wall? Did it perhaps refer to the wooden palisade which once surrounded the citadel of the Acropolis? A score of guesses and speculations passed from mouth to mouth.

It was Themistocles, the leader of the democratic party in Athens, who, in spite of his comparatively obscure origin, had risen to be a leader of the people, that now gave the answer to the riddle. "There lies your wooden wall," he cried, "your fleet"—the fleet built during the ten years of the struggle with Persia from the profits of the State-owned silver mines. These profits were to have been divided among the citizens of Athens; and Themistocles, looking ahead to the coming struggle, persuaded his countrymen to forgo their share and devote the money to building up a Greek navy.

THE Greek Fleet, consisting of some 320 vessels, mainly triremes, with a few smaller ships of fifty oars, had gathered in the landlocked bay of Salamis. And now the greatest risk of all in sea warfare—divided counsels—made itself felt.

Themistocles counselled waiting for the Persian attack at Salamis, where their vast numbers would be less effective than in wider sea-room. The Greek Admiral Eurybïades, on the other hand, advised withdrawing to the Isthmus of Corinth. Themistocles, however, forced a decision by means of a false message to the Persian Fleet, advising them to attack, since the Greek Fleet was about to withdraw from Salamis in haste; and on October 20, a date of as great significance in sea history as October 21, 1805, the great Persian Armada crowded to the onslaught. (*Continued on page* 53)



IF you knew the old Chinatown in the Limehouse and Poplar of the past, you probably knew that little store of Ho Ling's that used to stand at the corner of Korea Street, its window crammed with the spices and the scarlet packets and gay toys of China. A store where you met olive-faced men in lounge suits and bowler hats, whose eyes under the bowler hats held the silence of eastern temples and the glitter of green seas. And where you sometimes met Rosie Moone, the heart-smiter, who was far more of a flower than the Flower Maidens they find for any production of *Parsifal*.

The older men gathered in the store to discuss with Ho Ling such matters as high politics and high commerce, with which they had no concern, and which their opinions could no more affect than the opinion of the trapped fly can affect the spider. The younger men gathered to look at Rosie. She gathered both English and Chinese around her, and they would stand for an hour gazing upon her and bearing themselves towards her assertively or reverently, according to their knowledge or ignorance of how beautiful maidens like to be treated.

Among those who were often in the store was Cheng Kang. He seldom stayed to gossip. Mostly he came in to make a few quick purchases, as though he were buying remedies for somebody at the point of death, and shot out again before the company realised he had been there. But there were occasions when he looked at Rosie as though he would like to eat her—if he were not so occupied with other eatables. As this was the only attention he showed her, she did not regard him with much favour. Where she killed other young men with smiles, she tried to wound him with stings of the eyes and scorns of the shoulder. He did not seem to notice them.

He seemed to notice very little, and few people noticed him. His only regular associate was old Sway Lim, who lived in Foochos Street. This perhaps was why few people gave him their countenance. The Limehouse of that time was always noted for its odours. You could in a few minutes catch the odour of bilge-water, of gas, of glue, of resin, of fried fish, and all those Chinese odours that can almost be tasted on the lips. Some were not too disagreeable. Others were of a kind that required new words to convey their rankness. But if anybody, at that time, wanted a rough synonym for an unpleasant odour, he invariably brought in the name of Sway Lim.

Sway Lim had such a bad name in the district that, with the exception of young Cheng Kang, nobody associated with him but those who already had worse names. He and those about him seemed to have no real occupation, yet they were always making money. He had a finger in most of the pies of Chinatown, and did not disdain even to have fingers in its dumplings and biscuits. Nothing was too small for him, except his hat, and the only thing that was too large was his over-bearing manner.

He treated Cheng Kang as a fool, and Cheng Kang went about with behaviour that almost justified the treatment. He was always sad; he appeared to be

SHE answered his humble and reverent invitation by saying: "What next?" and then adding casually that perhaps she might; she would see how she felt

Roses Round *the* Door

Limehouse jeered at Cheng Kang's Simplicity—but he Cashed in on it

By *Thomas Burke*

very stupid; and he certainly was so pessimistic that he could never see a silver lining without thinking of clouds. His manner was so little alert, and he seemed to be such an easy mark, that nobody thought it worth while to cheat him or double-cross him. He lived in a cottage in Shanghai Street—one of four owned by Sway Lim—and it was understood that Sway Lim let him live rent free.

What service he gave in return for this astounding breach of landlord principles, nobody could discover, unless it was the service of publicity agent. Certainly he was always emphatic in his admiration of Sway Lim. Sway Lim was everything that he himself wasn't—forthright, bold, and successful—a fit subject of praise and reverence. He admired him so much that he was always talking in bars about his fine qualities, his generosity, his ability, his sharp wit, his foresight; and he was always so ready to drink his health that he often went home quite tight with admiration.

Sway Lim, on his side, spoke of Cheng Kang as the last of a long line of fools, and often said that his ancestors were no doubt still wandering about in the middle air because they hadn't sense enough to go in out of the rain. When they asked why he allowed the fool to hang around him, he said that silent laughter was good for the lungs, and as life provided so few occasions for it, except of an acid kind, which was bad for the lungs, he was grateful for the existence of Cheng Kang, who provided ten occasions every day.

There was a certain day when the fool provided a very special occasion—one that caused Sway Lim to draw in his breath in gusts of whispering laughter, and to ask as much of the world as he could reach to join him in it.

ON that day, Sway Lim was poisoning the air by taking a walk through it, when he came to Shanghai Street, and came upon the spectacle of Cheng Kang decorating the doorway and the window-frame of his cottage with paper roses of many colours. He paused to watch and to sniff. Then, with a glance that commanded the attention of those around him to the young idiot, he spoke. He spoke in a loud voice, and in English—for the benefit of the bystanders. "Well, you wooden-headed son of a dough-headed parrot, and what are you supposed to be doing now?"

Cheng Kang politely explained that he was decorating his door and window with paper roses.

"That," said Sway Lim, "could be seen by anybody—even as big a fool as yourself. But I would like to know your purpose in making yourself and your house ridiculous—my house, I should say."

Cheng Kang explained in an equally loud voice, that he had invited the beautiful young Rosie from Korea Street to visit him, and take supper with him, that evening, and——

"What—*you*? Have you got the conceit to suppose that the most desired girl of this quarter, the very flower of the garden, would spend an evening with *you*?"

"Why not? Anyway, she said she would. And so I am making a visible and agreeable welcome to her."

"If that is so," said Sway Lim, "and she has really accepted your invitation, it would occur to anybody but a fool like yourself that it would be only decent to go to the small expense of providing real roses. It is hardly a compliment to a distinguished visitor to greet her with imitation roses."

"In one sense," said Cheng, from the top of a ladder, "you may be right. But at the moment my use of paper roses is intentional, and as Miss Rosie is a girl of brains she will (*Continued on page* 56)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by Noel Thompson

IT is natural, I suppose, that this war becomes a dividing line, a dating line, for histories and autobiographies. How could it be otherwise when the war period itself and anything that may come afterwards must be in a new world from what has gone before. To some people, too, the war has meant the clean break and the enforced change necessary before pen can be put to paper.

I have just finished reading three autobiographies, each fascinating in a widely different way. Let me take the lady first, "Memoirs of Madame Pilsudski" (Hurst and Blackett, 10s. 6d.). The widow of the famous Polish statesman arrived in England in 1939, with not a word of the language to her credit. Most of her books and papers had been left behind. Laboriously Mrs. Jennifer Ellis, who knew no Polish, obtained her story through an interpreter. Everything had to be translated and re-translated, but there is no trace of this in the book which is really beautifully written. After giving vivid pictures of the invasion of Poland, about to enjoy its richest harvest for years, and of the bombing and machine gunning of women and children through which she herself had to escape, Mme. Pilsudski goes back to her earliest youth in Russian-occupied Poland. She was only seven when she vowed to devote herself to Poland. All her school days, all her time as a student, and as a young worker, were given to her country. She spread messages of hope, organised, and worked for one end. She was quite young when she was in charge of the arms smuggled to the workers throughout the country. She often carried revolvers and dynamite hidden in her clothes.

She went to prison as a suspected revolutionary. She met Pilsudski and later fell in love with him. Together they struggled on against overwhelming difficulties until at last he led the Poles in to their own free country again.

With no money, no constitution to start with, the country was built up, only once more to fall in the present war.

This is first-class material well handled.

FOR Bernard Darwin to write his reminiscences was "a natural," and that they would pervade charm went without saying. "Life is Sweet, Brother" (Collins, 12s. 6d.), comes up to every expectation of a man who is one of the greatest living authorities on Charles Dickens, a grandson of the great Charles Darwin, and a writer on golf who for thirty years has numbered as many complete ignoramuses of the game among his readers as he has experts. His description of his childhood, youth, and undergraduate days are only sufficiently detailed to be fascinating and make you feel he was fortunate in his family. In fact he stresses the fact that he was always fortunate in being able to write about subjects he loved. His kindly view of the (*Continued on page* 55)

Two Books to Linger Over

WE may laugh at the days of Queen Victoria; we may listen dubiously to reminiscences from parents and grandparents and think how dreadfully dull those times must have been; we may thank heaven that we escaped being born into that period of black bombazine, and yet there is a fascination in reading about it. Small things mattered more—they took the place of those things we worry about so much nowadays so aimlessly.

For those who like something pleasantly peaceable to browse over I can recommend "Victorian Sisters," by Sylvia McCurdy (Hurst and Blackett, 8s. 6d.), a study of four very different sisters from a family of fourteen born to the wife of a London parson. While the sons enter into it as well, and so do the invaluable hard-working servants, it is a series of pictures of the family and of the sisters from childhood to very old age. It flows smoothly on from the vicarage days till the days when the family is split up over southern England. As you read, a panorama of those slower moving days stretches out and modern worries seem fiendishly hectic. The old ladies might be anybody's grandmothers and I recommend their study against a background of England that was.

IN "Miss Granby's Secret," Eleanor Farjeon writes nearly two books (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.). She tells of a Victorian novelist, a best seller of her day, in her old age. No one ever knew how much the old lady understood about "the facts of life," but every one knew that she sometimes seemed to understand a lot. To her great-niece in her will she leaves a MS., the best she ever wrote, begun and finished when she was sixteen. This forms the second part of the book and very good reading it makes, with plenty of humour of the unconscious type. From this MS. and from valentines, notes and mementoes we can build up the story of the old lady's youthful romance, which lasted a lifetime. It is a witty, pretty picture, with plenty of the requisite romantic flavour. Eleanor Farjeon makes it quite plain that the Victorian misses knew a lot, but preferred not to show it. How otherwise could Miss Granby have written forty-nine novels? Undoubtedly they had quite a lot of fun in those days.

Old Tales Re-told

Queen Eadburga of Wessex—an English Messalina

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

IF England had had such skilful historians as Tacitus, Plutarch, Suetonius or Dion Cassius to record her early days, we should know much more about them than we do at present; and it is possible that those days would prove to have been just as colourful and dramatic as those of ancient Rome.

Many strong characters would have come into the beam of the historian's limelight—perhaps even as outstanding as Nero, Marcus Aurelius, Cornelia or Agrippina.

Forceful personalities, whether good or bad, were certainly not lacking; yet those of the so-called Dark Ages seem to have been overshadowed by some who came later, such as Henry VIII. and Good Queen Bess.

History repeats itself because humanity does not change. All the various types are shuffled and reshuffled by fate, time and circumstance, producing over and over again the same combination of events.

There seems no doubt that Boadicea was inspired by the same unswerving love for her country that was re-born in Queen Elizabeth. Similarly, one can see in Henry VIII. all the fickleness and ability to sacrifice his friends which has basely immortalised Nero.

Given, therefore, that outstanding characters in history are constantly being re-born, we find in early Britain a Messalina of unparalleled licentiousness. The setting, though, was quite different.

Eight centuries had elapsed since the death of the famous daughter of Messala; and the episode we are going to relate was not staged against a background of Roman luxury and grandeur, but in a Wessex court in eighth-century England.

Those were times before tapestry was woven to embellish stone walls. Even stone walls themselves were a luxury only used in the dwellings of royalty or nobility, or for fortifications. Wood and lime were the chief building materials. Yet despite the limitations of the times, much state was kept up by the kings and chieftains, and their castles were characterised by rugged and imposing strength.

Beorthric, bachelor King of Wessex, was engaged in a deadly feud with Ecgberht, a member of the same royal family, who was bent on dethroning him.

Now Beorthric, in order to put an end to the trouble caused by his rival, needed the assistance of Offa, King of Mercia, an extensive region in the centre of

The subjects of the kingdoms of Wessex and Mercia applauded the progress of the bridal pair. They were magnificently matched. Eadburga, erect and composed on the side-saddle of a richly-caparisoned steed, was a vision comparable to any of the legendary Queens of the Amazons

The death of Beorthric and Worr. The strong potion carried out its the scene of gaiety and jollification was transformed into a pandemonium

England. Offa's help could only be obtained by establishing some strong and permanent link with his family.

To this end, therefore, Beorthric sent ambassadors to the Court of Mercia formally requesting the hand of Eadburga, the King's daughter, in marriage.

Eadburga happened to be young and astonishingly beautiful; but it was for diplomatic reasons alone that Beorthric decided to take so important a step.

In short, here was just another of those loveless royal marriages which are so common in history and so opposed to the laws of natural selection.

In the year 789 the subjects of the kingdoms of Wessex and Mercia applauded the progress of the bridal pair on their journey from one capital to the other. They were magnificently matched. Eadburga, erect and composed on the side-saddle of a richly-caparisoned steed, was a vision comparable to any of the legendary Queens of the Amazons.

BEAUTY is an invincible weapon. It did not take long for Beorthric to discover that this woman, whom he had married for reasons of state, had completely enslaved him. So much so, that he no longer possessed any will of his own, and never made a decision without consulting her.

This state of things was far more exceptional than it would seem to-day. At that time women were kept in complete subjection, more especially among the lower classes. Ancient

hideous work swiftly, and of horror and amazement

chronicles tell us that girls were automatically exposed to insult when going about the streets unprotected by an escort, and it was not unusual for them to be publicly stripped amid general jeers and derision. Happily, this sort of thing did not last long. The monasteries began their crusade of educating people to a point where they developed more respect for the weaker sex.

Eadburga quickly became a most tyrannical mistress. With the defeat of Ecgberht successfully accomplished, she had even more reason to assert her mastery.

The marriage remained without issue; and as is usually the case, Beorthric remained the infatuated lover instead of feeling the more balanced attachment of a husband towards the mother of his children.

JUST as Messalina induced the weak-minded Claudius with kisses and caresses to do whatever she wished, so Eadburga took advantage of Beorthric's passion to commit an astonishing sequence of evil deeds which, in his right mind, he would never have dreamt of tolerating. Her misdeeds were not performed in order to gain more wealth and power, for her devoted husband had laid crown, kingdom and all he possessed at her feet from the moment she came to his Court.

It seems that she was obsessed by an almost insane jealousy for anyone who aroused the slightest interest or affection in the mind of the King. She wanted to monopolise him utterly and completely; and her obsession grew rapidly to the pitch of mania.

As soon as anyone who possessed the slightest engaging qualities began to gain favour with Beorthric, the infernal mind of Eadburga set to work to bring about his undoing.

Delving into his past history, patiently probing every salient point, she would concoct some calumny to instil into her husband's heart.

In almost every case she prepared her treacherous net so deftly and well that the victim was trapped before he (or she) could take any defensive measures.

Banishment, sometimes death, was the inevitable sequel.

The worst part of the whole thing was that whenever a bold and courageous adviser tried to open the King's eyes to Eadburga's wickedness, the doting monarch had only to confront her to be prejudiced in her favour before she had uttered a word.

A kiss, and the touch of her cool fingers on his brow completed the process. Her accusers were vanquished almost before they could make an accusation.

NOW, the foundation of the law of æsthetics is that beauty is the natural embodiment of everything which is good. Goddesses, Madonnas, angels—all are depicted as beautiful as possible. Automatically man bows to that law; and it is only by a superhuman struggle that he can be weaned from its influence.

Beorthric did not even struggle. However blatant the evidence of

Eadburga, thinking that the opportunity had at last arrived to solve her problem, answered Charlemagne bluntly that she would prefer to be betrothed to his son

Born for a life of ease and pleasure, Eadburga soon found a way to open her cell to an ardent lover

Eadburga's villainy, he would find some excuse or justification for it, and was only too ready to believe that she had acted in good faith or had been grossly misled.

He would not, however, take any action against her victim as a general rule. It would have been far better for the poor wretch if he *had*. For when Eadburga saw that her plot would produce no harsh result, she always resorted to measures of her own.

She had been exceptionally well educated for a girl of her time. Latin, mathematics and the sacred Scriptures were familiar subjects to her; and she was also acquainted with that science which is now termed toxicology. So much so that she had at her disposal ways and means of preparing a deadly variety of poisons, both tasteless and colourless.

She had also several accomplices who were discretion itself, and who could be depended upon to gain access to the food or drink of the intended victim, either in the kitchens or the banqueting-hall.

Thus, wherever the King failed to avenge her properly, she invariably achieved her object by means of poison.

The hatred which she felt for those whom she considered obstacles in her path was only equalled by the guilty passion she felt for others. In this direction also, King Beorthric, like Claudius, was blind to all her faults.

A CERTAIN young nobleman by the name of Worr was one day introduced at Court. Later he became invested with some authority by the King, who looked upon him with growing favour. Eadburga had watched with apprehension the rapid rise of the new favourite; but his blameless conduct and the excellent way in which he carried out all tasks entrusted to him made him a difficult target to attack.

His loyalty to Beorthric could not be questioned, and any attempt to blacken his character in the eyes of the King would be futile. She decided, therefore, to resort to her accustomed trickery, counting on the fact that she could not be discovered until her purpose was achieved, and even then she would be able to persuade the King of her innocence.

Never before had the passion of jealousy surged to such heights in her perverted soul. With every day that passed the milk of human kindness became more and more soured in her bosom—if ever she possessed any at all.

On a certain day a public banquet was taking place, and the King and all the principal officials of the Court were present. Girl attendants and boy pages were kneeling to the guests at the tables, serving them according to custom with roasted meats on the ends of long spits. Minstrels played gay tunes on stringed instruments, which were augmented by the strains of bagpipes—then, as now, a Caledonian importation. While this rudimentary orchestra delighted the ear, the eye also was being gratified by the spectacular dances which were performed in the centre of the hall by the famous glee maidens in their flowing garments and bare legs and feet. (These dances led up to a crescendo of excitement, for they were based not only on graceful movements but also on contortions and acrobatics—doubtless the Anglo-Saxon conception of Salome's dance to Herod.)

While all these festivities and entertainments were in progress, a cup-bearer approached Worr with some wine offered by the Queen.

Worr was seated near the King. He took the cup and pronounced a few words of formal thanks for this royal gesture. Beorthric, hearing that the wine had come from his beloved wife, chivalrously claimed the first sip. Eadburga had no time to prevent the King's lips from touching the fatal cup, which contained poison intended for Worr only. The King drank freely and then handed it to Worr, who drained it.

The strong potion carried out its hideous work swiftly. In a few minutes that scene of gaiety and jollification was transformed into a pandemonium of horror, amazement and indignation.

When the lifeless bodies of the King and his friend had been carried out of the hall, Eadburga disappeared and hid herself, in the hope that the storm she had created would presently abate. Probably also she (*Continued on page 52*)

She was seen wandering, grey-haired and destitute, through the streets of Pavia after its conquest by Charlemagne. Reduced to beggary, her sole companion was a young slave, who remained with her to the end

Airmen of the future discuss the problems of dive bombing, air pockets and many other things connected with flying, at an initial training wing

Training *the* Fighter Pilots

The Record of a Visit to a "Hurricane" and "Spitfire" School

By Gordon Beckles

"IT'S all rot," said the squadron leader, kicking some mud off his right boot, "to say that you must have perfect flying fields for teaching 'em. Nice in peace time, but this is the kind of day and field you're most likely to get when there is a war on."

He looked across what were once meadows. A sliver of bright yellow dived down, a hundred yards away, with the crack of a hundred machine guns, skimmed the mud, and rose into the air again.

"These 'Harvard' trainers sound noisy," he said, "but they are first-rate machines. American, y'know. One gets quite attached to 'em. You don't hear the noise so much when you are flying."

What he might have added was that the machines diving and bumping around the field on their circuits might—if petrol and occasion allowed—have been over enemy territory in an hour or so. For this was the headquarters of a training squadron, which specialises in the production of "fighter pilots," day in and out. (*Continued on page* 60)

Pilots running to a long line of "Harvard" planes built in the U.S.A., all ready to take off on a training flight

Many hundreds of pilots are now finishing their training and will soon be ready for action. Pilots taking a lesson in advanced navigation

Pilots of the Canadian Squadron of the R.A.F. at their training quarters in the north of England, reading their instructions before taking off for a flight

WHEN Adolf Hitler began slashing at the map of Europe something like a game of musical chairs developed in His Britannic Majesty's Diplomatic Service. With half the capitals crowded with goose-stepping Nazis there were not enough jobs to go round. Some of the older diplomats had to retire, while the younger men were squeezed into the Foreign Office or the Ministry of Information. A select few received jobs for which they were specially qualified.

Sir Giles Nugent, erstwhile Minister in ——, belonged to the latter group. He was a dapper little man of less than the middle height with a bony yellowish face, a neatly-clipped ginger-grey moustache and a preoccupied manner. He had just celebrated his fiftieth birthday when a squad of Storm Troopers escorted him and his staff to the station. He was not unused to changes; his whole career had been a series of steady promotions since his first job in St. Petersburg. Since then he had been in Teheran, Ankara, Cairo and Athens, always reliable, never making a mistake and rarely doing anything spectacular. He had a flair for shifting responsibility and quietly carrying on with routine duties, a combination of qualities which had gained him steady advancement without ever bringing him into line for the service "plums." As British Minister in —— he had held his first important post and one which had brought him a knighthood.

His Excellency was highly gratified when the Foreign Office asked him to go out to Jerusalem. When General Weygand flew to Syria, at the behest of the Vichy Government, Whitehall decided that we needed a cool diplomat in Palestine who might be able to assist the High Commissioner. Sir Giles, apart from a lifetime of experience in the Levant, had a gift for languages. He could speak Greek, Arabic, Turkish and Hebrew with equal facility. Although he was to have no official status in Palestine the Foreign Secretary had endorsed the suggestion that Sir Giles might be able to make contact with both the anti-

EVE FRANKS stood up slowly. "I'm afraid I don't understand riddles, Lady Nugent," she said rather coldly

Illustration by Jack Faulks

A Matter of Persuasion

For the Finer Points of Observation, Choose a Jealous Woman

By Stanley Jackson

Italian Arab tribesmen in Syria and the Frenchmen who refused to take orders from Vichy.

While Sir Giles was establishing himself in his new job with his customary quiet efficiency his wife was thoroughly enjoying herself in Jerusalem. Her vivid personality seemed to merge perfectly with the colour and noise of that polyglot city. Rita Nugent was taller than her husband, but she would have dominated him apart from the superiority in inches. She had a full red mouth, a helmet of rich auburn hair, eyes that were blacker than tea, and a bosom which had taxed the ingenuity of Hartnell, Schiaparelli and other experts in the art of camouflaging fat. She was ten years younger than her husband, but always gave the impression that he was old enough to be her father. She did not encourage those who invited reminiscence. It was generally believed that her mother was English and her father a rich Greek merchant. Apart from a weakness for over-youthful clothes and tendency to repeat gossip, Lady Nugent had proved herself a useful partner to her husband. She had a knack of surrounding herself with influential men of business, which was doubtless due to her early upbringing. The snob in Sir Giles sometimes rebelled at having to dine with some greasy Levantine merchant but, more than once, he had cause to thank his wife for a valuable contact. She was a born hostess, and when she comes to write her autobiography—as she will most certainly do—we shall doubtless read many curious footnotes to Balkan history. Someone once alluded to her in fun as "a miniature Lupescu," a tribute to her good looks and her influence "behind the scenes." She was simply delighted when the remark reached her.

You may have heard a little scandal about Lady Nugent; her name has been linked with more than one young diplomat. Personally, I don't think there is much in this talk. Her flirtations, like her clothes, jewellery and a passion for the tango, were all part of her battle with *anno Domini*. The society of young men gave her an illusion of youth as well as a pleasant diversion when the diplomatic round became a little tiresome.

STAGGERING under the parcels with which she had loaded him, Raymond Mayhew cursed the misfortune which had brought him to Jerusalem as Sir Giles's assistant. Life at the Paris Embassy had been something of a nightmare in the first months of the war, but dealing with unscrupulous French politicians was almost a picnic compared with the task of acting as escort, gigolo and confidant to his new chief's wife. For the last fortnight his life had been a whirl of dusty shopping tours and even dustier sightseeing. He had been dragged through hundreds of native bazaars, jostled by villainous-looking Arabs, browbeaten by Jewish dealers, and made to act as buffer against the legions of burnoused beggars who made for the target presented by this obviously wealthy tourist whose stubby fingers sparkled with rings. Exhausted by an itinerary which included the Wailing Wall, a drive to Jaffa, several mosques and synagogues, and a few *thès dansant*, he had vainly pleaded work as an exemption. She had butted his pleas aside.

"Giles can spare you perfectly well," she assured him firmly. But the limit had been reached, he felt, when she kissed him as they were driving back from a moonlight visit to the Dead Sea. Rita Nugent would have died rather than admit that the kiss had been a gesture of thwarted mother love, but it wasn't far from the truth. Raymond had the misfortune to own the kind of looks which seem to awaken vague maternal instincts in childless middle-aged ladies with too much leisure. He was tall and slim waisted, with rather sulky blue eyes and a mop of fair hair curling round his forehead. Shy and inclined to be reserved, his air of charming diffidence had proved an asset in a Service which demands both brains and breeding. Only those who worked with him knew that his boyish manner concealed a first-class intelligence and a positive genius where codes were concerned.

"Now it's time for lunch, Ray," Lady Nugent declared suddenly. "I'm simply famished."

Raymond groaned inwardly. It was (*Continued on page* 66)

Here it is again, the New Year. The time for looking forward, for making plans, plans for what? It depends on one's outlook, whether resolutions are worth while or not. Some say they are not. It is true the vista is obscured. How can we look forward? How make plans, least of all how make resolutions for a future so problematical? Others take the view that the future, being so much in our own hands, should be faced with more resolve, with more determination, more faith than ever before. I believe this is right.

By the "future" we mean, of course, after the war. What else? It may be next month, it may be next year, it may be longer. None can tell, yet all of us should be ready, clear minded in our conception of the shape of things to come and of our individual parts in framing it.

After all, you can hardly face a new start in life casually, and

By Louisa Kay

there are several reasons why the end of the war, when it comes, represents a completely new start.

First, we shall each be facing an entirely new set of circumstances, perhaps a new mode of life. At this point we cannot tell how widely it may differ from the life we have known, but we know that it must be different. We hope that it may be so, for the old way has proved a bad one. Traditions and systems will have gone for ever. Values and opinions must change, and upon this basis we shall be prepared to draw up a new plan for living.

You yourself will be a New Person, greatly different from the woman who stood at the threshold of the year which brought us war. The last twelve months have taught you things that must have changed your outlook, altered your values and sharpened your perception and your understanding of life. It is happening to all of us in some degree according to circumstances, experience and suffering.

Perhaps we are better for these experiences. It is to be hoped we are, for knowledge is good whichever form it takes, if we are capable of using it as all knowledge should be used, for guidance. In any case we have a wider contact with life. We have been in touch with suffering, with courage, with the best and the worst of human nature.

You, for one, have a priceless possession in that experience. Are you going to use it, to develop it so that the future shall be one in which your own wider understanding is part of the universal awakening?

Think back about your recent contacts with people and what these have taught you. Most of us have learned something in this way that must influence us in our relations with others.

To most women who have suffered separation from their husbands, the war has been a revelation. Everywhere I meet women who are saying that they never realised what life together had meant until it was taken away. Home and its influences, the comfort of companionship, the security of just merely "belonging" never had seemed half so precious as now. It is very human to take things for granted, even the things which, in the end, prove above all things priceless.

Perhaps, in the future, this lesson alone will bring greater happiness to many married people. When life seems to have grown dull beyond endurance, when the same face across the table, the same things to say and the same things to do, taunt them afresh with the suspicion that it has all been a mistake, then perhaps they will remember the present and the value which separation has put upon the things they are tempted to treat so lightly.

To other married couples enforced separation has, of course, brought the knowledge that there never was the brand of love between them which is capable of surviving hardship and separation. In many cases a breach which was formerly only suspected is now a certainty.

They, too, will have learned something from their experiences. It may be that release will have shown them that to go on bearing with each other, sustaining unhappiness and even humiliation for the sake of the furniture, for what others might think or for some hypothetical theory of respectability is to sacrifice the whole point and usefulness of two lives which might otherwise be usefully and happily employed. One of the war's big lessons for these people will have been to face realities and to quit humbug.

Women who have shown their mettle in A.R.P. work, in organising social relief and in sharing the sufferings and the problems of their fellows in this war, can never go back to the sort of life which is bounded by four walls. Though their hearts and their deepest interests may remain in their homes, their interests must be widened by their present experiences. Having knowledge of the useful parts they can play outside, they will never again be content completely to stand aside.

Even in our homes we shall be wiser if we remember all we have learnt.

For instance, it was grand to use butter for cooking in the old days, but we know now that it wasn't really necessary. Cooking hasn't deteriorated one bit since we were not able to use it. Luxuries that have been forcibly removed from the menu prove themselves every day to be quite easily done without.

Equally valuable for the future are the contacts women have made with the wider problems of the world; with those political and economic questions once so remote from the average woman's ken which have lately proved to be of vital interest to the individual.

If the future is to be worthy of the present struggle, if we are to steer clear of the old miseries, the old suspense, and the old inequalities we must make the fullest use of the knowledge and experience which the war is bringing us now.

Begin in this New Year then to make plans for a future in which *your* influence will be felt. Join your voice with others in the demand for a new way of life.

Use your new wisdom for the future. Use it to assist in shaping this year and the years to come.

Torpedoed!

THE rescue by a destroyer of thirty-three survivors of a British ship which was torpedoed without warning in the Atlantic. The ship's lifeboats had been smashed by the force of the explosion and the crew made their escape in two small skiffs without compass or food

AS I read of Hitler's intensified submarine campaign against our Merchant Service, and try, from my experiences of the past, to "read between the lines," I am more and more convinced that, come what may, British sailors will keep the old Red Duster flying and the food cargoes coming steadily into our ports.

I had quite a number of experiences with U-boats in the course of a seafaring life that began when I was an apprentice under Captain Woodget in the lovely *Cutty Sark*, and ran on, over more than two million miles of salt water, till I was flying the swallow-tailed pennon of a commodore of the line.

Those who look with alarm on our shipping losses in this war perhaps do not remember that, last time, Britain lost over 9,000,000 tons of shipping, and other nations about 6,000,000 tons. During the second quarter of 1917 alone, we lost 1,362,000 tons, and foreign countries lost nearly another 1,000,000 tons. *Lusitania, Britannic, Laurentic, Oceanic, Carpathia* and countless other ocean beauties went to the bottom, in the cruel waste of war.

Losses, this time, have been nothing like that!

My first run immediately after war began in 1914 was from Glasgow and Liverpool via the Cape ports to Sydney. In Sydney, while we were loading, we heard that the German raider *Emden* was in the Indian Ocean (right on our route back), and had already accounted for fifteen ships, bombarded Madras, raided Penang, and dodged everything we sent out to look for her.

Just before we were due to sail, my chief officer deserted! While we were searching for him, the second and third engineers vanished! Whether the *Emden* stories had worried them, I don't know; but they just disappeared.

It meant days of delay, for the shipping master would not let us sail with only one certificated engineer aboard.

Finally, I scratched up one or two local men, and—at the last moment—found my lost third engineer. I promoted him to second, spent fifteen minutes telling him what I thought of him, took his arm and ran him aboard, and kept him under watch till we were out on blue water. It was the only way I could sail at all.

The luck of it all was that the ship ahead of me, which was sailing exactly on my proper schedule, was caught by the *Emden*, her crew put in the boats, and the ship sunk. Whereas, because of that delay we had had, we ran through safely.

(Right)
THESE victims of a U-boat had the satisfaction of seeing the submarine which had torpedoed them sunk by a British warship

(Below)
THE crew of the British freighter "Heronspool" shown on board the American ship "President Harding" which had rescued them after their ship had been torpedoed by a U-boat off the coast of Ireland. They fought a gun duel with the submarine for six hours before the Germans got in a killing blow with a torpedo

Troubles began to increase for us merchant skippers after that.

In addition to U-boats, we had to watch for floating mines, surface raiders, and German spies putting dynamite with our coal. Not much was said about that last nuisance; but the *Salvador* blew herself to bits in the Atlantic, the *Vauban* was set on fire in the same way, H.M.S. *Pembrokeshire* was dynamited, and I don't know how many more.

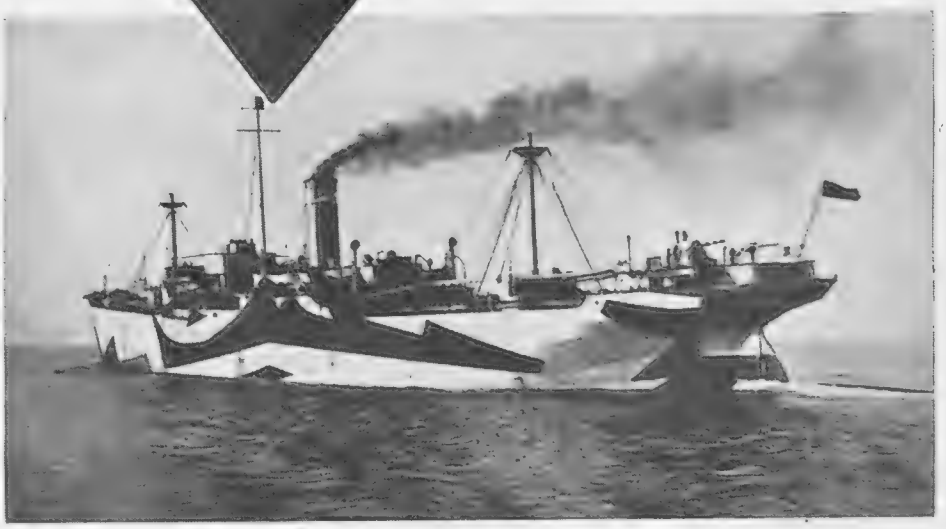
I made a run or two without adventure. Then one day as I was steaming past Gibraltar with a bit of spume

By G. Purssey Phillips

The Personal Experiences and Adventures of the Commodore of a famous line of Steamships, during the Last War

(Left)
CAPTAIN G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS, former Commodore of the Clan Line

(Below)
CAMOUFLAGED Clan Line steamer. The type of ship the author of this article was put in command of during the last war



blowing off rough water, a searchlight at the signal station began to flicker, ordering us into the harbour.

There I was ordered to wait till a gun could be fitted to my ship, as "Sportel Bill" (a very famous U-boat that lurked about outside the Straits) had been sinking a lot of our vessels by gunfire, and it was considered time that we hit back.

I liked the idea of the gun, but I had 600 cases of eggs on No. 2 hatch, from Port Said to London. It took a fortnight to get my gun fitted; and the eggs were standing in the broiling sun all that time. When we passed No. 2 hatch, we used to walk as softly as Agag.

Getting to sea again, we wondered what would happen if "Sportel Bill" put a shell among those eggs—or if a bad storm caused any damage to them. Poison gas would have been nothing to it! But we got them to London all right—and what they did with them once they were gingerly put ashore was not our concern.

For my next trip I was appointed to the *Clan Fraser*. We were loading general cargo when orders suddenly came for us to proceed to Milford Haven and take 120 tons of dynamite aboard.

That was a nice cargo—with submarines about!

At 10 p.m. one night we steamed out like a gigantic floating bomb, with two armed trawlers escorting us. We passed the boom defences, and worked south, three blacker shapes in the black darkness, smoke drifting away to the overcast sky, our little gun manned, our lookouts straining their eyes, and enough high explosive under our feet to make a hole in the sea big enough to put a mountain in!

The trawlers left me to my own devices after reaching Fastnet Light; we steamed stolidly on alone till dawn broke over miles of slithering sea. Then the first officer came down from the bridge to my cabin.

"Heavy gunfire on the port beam, sir," he reported. "I can see the flashes from the guns."

Those flashes meant that a merchant ship was selling its life dearly against the quick-firing 5.9s of a U-boat. There was usually only one end to such a battle—a flaming wreck, with seamen jumping into the sea, and often being machine gunned while swimming.

We wanted to turn aside and join in the fight. But one shell from the submarine would have blown up my ship sky high. We had to go on.

Presently we began to pick up signals: —"S O S—Am attacked by a German submarine—S O S . . ." Then they stopped abruptly.

Early next morning, my lookout man suddenly yelled out: "Periscope on the starboard beam!"

Less than a hundred yards away a little stick-like object was popping through the water. It was a U-boat, on a course divergent from ours, apparently unaware that any ship was near it. As we watched, it sank out of sight.

I remembered that ship of ours I had had to leave to its doom. I shouted to the helmsman to put my ship about, and with engines at full speed we raced over the place where the periscope had vanished. Did we ram it? There was no oil—no great air bubble—just the splashing of the sea and the whisper of the dawn wind.

I was lying on the chart-room settee that afternoon, trying to doze after a good many sleepless hours, when the chief popped his head round the door in a (*Continued on page* 66)

Room for

Every room of the house suggests the need table and a host of beauty questions assail and beauty treatments, as you linger in the its question quota. We know this is so, by ever alive with questioning letters relating a recent survey of these letters we have representative of those subjects with which the If any of them interest you, write to us, and

THE BEDROOM

1. Cleansing the face is the first essential for skin beauty. Is there a liquefying cream of purest quality that is guaranteed not to encourage the growth of hair ?

2. And, if one is abnormally inclined to grow hair on the face, is there a complete set of preparations that are specially created for this type of skin ?

3. Is there a treatment that will cleanse and close pores, whether the skin is dry, greasy or normal ?

4. Eyelashes look so much longer when they are made up that mascara is becoming as much a habit as lipstick. Surely there is a preparation that helps them to grow while acting as a mascara ?

5. When the mirror suddenly declares that your hair looks dirty and there is no chance of a shampoo, is there a liquid preparation that will cleanse, brighten, and make the hair cleanly fluffy in a few minutes ?

6. Necks are the worst age tell-tales of all. What can I do for (*a*) a double-chinning old neck ? ; (*b*) a scrawny old neck ?

7. My few grey hairs are so noticeable at the temples that I feel years older, but I don't want to dye my hair. Is there a simple application that darkens the hair temporarily and washes off easily so there is no chance of getting the ends darker and darker, and the roots peeping through white ?

8. I must press blackheads out ; it is the only way to get rid of them at once. I will press gently with gauze-covered fingers, but hasn't any salon made a preparation to apply before the pressure—something that will help to treat the spot and save risk of infection ?

9. My pores are getting larger, yet my skin is dry and needs nutriment. Isn't there a nourishing cream with slightly astringent qualities that will feed my skin and, at the same time, keep the pores in order ?

10. I don't want to be constantly fussing over my nails, yet want them well-cared-for. Haven't I heard of a preparation that only needs occasional use and yet performs wonders, keeping cuticles down and nails healthy ?

11. Hands are rough and not too white. Is there a once-a-week treatment that would help these ?

12. What is the best quick cheap cleaner for the powdered neck, spotted skirt—in fact, for all simple clothes-refreshing ?

THE KITCHEN

13. Now that butter really seems short, please tell me again where I can get a good mixer that will make my butter ration more ?

14. The kitchen oven has been left over-long and is really dark and greasy. Apart from taking everything out and boiling it in soapy soda water, what is the best cleaner for it ?

15. Is there a simple economical way of cooking a whole meal in one pot—suitable for gas, hot-plate or Primus ?

16. Isn't there a cream that can be rubbed into the hands before any dirty work is started ? Something that prevents grime from getting in the cracks and that makes the hands, when washed later, smooth and white ?

17. Where can one get an egg-timer that rings a bell when the egg is done ?

18. Cloths will get tea-stained and fruit-stained ; what will remove these respective stains ? And what will help lighten ink stains ?

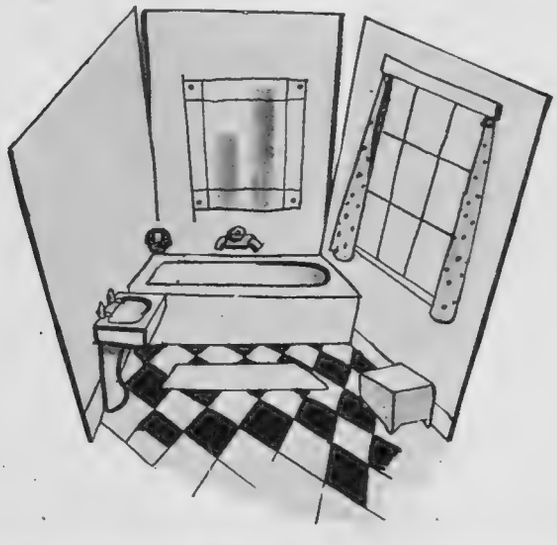
19. What is the most useful household cleanser for wooden benches, tables, sinks, and all greasy and grubby kitchen things ?

20. What is the best treatment for burnt saucepans ?

21. What first-aid for burns should always be in the kitchen cupboard to take the place of the old and evil home-made applications of flour, butter, oil, etc. ?

Improvement

for improvement. You sit at your dressing- you. Your mind turns around health, figure bathroom. Nursery, kitchen, each carries the evidence of our post-bag, which is to beauty, health and the home. From selected the questions listed below, as average woman reader is most concerned. we shall be happy to send the answers*



THE BATHROOM

22. Is there a home-made face-mask to use in the bath that is simple, fool-proof and good for any skin, giving it nourishment, making it smooth and silky?

23. Apart from regular brushing, what is the essential treatment to nourish the scalp and keep hair of all shades youthfully sheened and healthy? If I had dandruff, what would alleviate it?

24. What is the most successful preparation to massage into these lumps of fat called "localised"?

25. Are there some beneficial, and not lowering, health salts that will keep eyes sparkling, skin clear and spirits fresh?

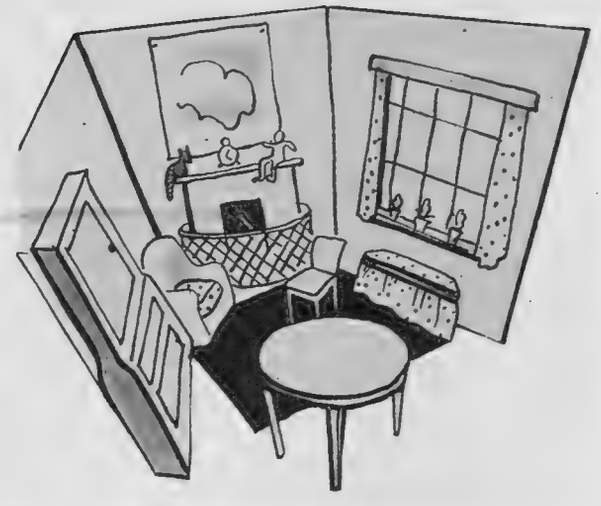
26. I cannot get any full hot baths owing to various inconveniences. Is there some freshening spray or rub that I can use after an all-over sponge that will give me that fresh-as-foam feeling?

27. What is the best bath to get all the poisons of fatigue out of the body?

28. Is there something that will, if used regularly, completely cure corns?

29. Haven't I heard of a sock that can be worn at night and its action is to absorb all poisons from the feet, leaving them healthy and strong?

30. Eye-bathing is a bathroom habit that should be as regular as teeth-brushing. What do you consider to be the best (*a*) home-made eye bath?; (*b*) eye lotion?



THE NURSERY

31. Children's diet may be lacking in butter this year; but there is an old nursery favourite that will replace the lost vitamins. What is it?

32. If only parents gave their children more calcium it would strengthen their teeth and bone-formation. In what form can you give this and at what age start?

33. I am going to have a baby and cannot get to shops easily. Is there some London salon specialising in clothes that are smart, concealing and not too expensive—one that sends a good catalogue and samples of fabrics and colours?

34. I want a layette and know nothing about what is necessary. Is there a London shop that has complete catalogues of layettes from the most inexpensive (but good) to the most luxurious?

35. Baby may have to do a lot of travelling or be moved during the night. What is the best sleeping-bag for such times? Where can I get it?

36. I want a good maternity belt that can be used at varying stages and also afterwards. Where can I get it? Where can I get a good brassière to wear whilst nursing?

37. The nursery floor is worn but strong. What can I do to make it last and brighten up the room?

38. Pavements and paths are damp most of the winter and children can't live in their Wellingtons. Is there some cheap way of making old boots and shoes waterproof and, if so, what is it? Both soles and uppers?

39. What is the best way of cleaning the nursery lacquered furniture? The finger-marks on doors and woodwork?

40. What preparation will help to make the children's hair grow curly?

41. There is some very simple and inexpensive chemical rinse that will make fabrics fireproof, and should be used for nursery curtains, drapings and aprons. What is it?

42. Where can I get a simple sensible booklet guide to the rearing of a baby—one that allows for a mother's instincts and individuality in the child, yet gives excellent diets and baby-training hints? Something very inexpensive and practical?

43. What is a useful preparation for the nursery, a cure for most infant troubles including constipation, food rashes, wind? Where can I send for a free booklet giving first aid for all baby's ailments and likely accidents?

C*

★**Address letters to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve."**

CHECK UP ON YOUR LOOKS AND HEALTH, REMEMBER THE TWO ARE CLOSELY INTERWOVEN

We are starting a new year, facing a new world. A world in which life will inevitably be keyed to tension, sacrifice, anxiety, as also to high hopes and the probability of high gain. We can either succumb to the challenge, wither under it and grow old, or we can rise to fuller strength and go forward in our gayest mood to meet the year's demands.

Which will you do?

The new part you are called on to play will require sounder health, beauty, spirit; the three are so closely interwoven, interdependent, they become the symbol of one quality: courage.

Now, there isn't a woman born who lacks courage, nor even a woman who cannot, if she so wishes, put a fresh face on anything, and so change the course of most things.

Remembering this, here's a thought for 1941, and a resolve, too—the year may open in the darkest days, but the season is on the turn—so let us reach out with an uplifted spirit, improved health and finer looks to make the spring-song come true in our own immediate sphere.

Start to-day checking-up on your health and looks.

Let us start with your working capacity. Everyone has to work harder these days.

In actual work—office, household, factory, or land-labour—you should be able to maintain the regulation eight hours a day, provided you get eight hours sleep at night, drink as much milk as you can, eat at least two oranges and one lettuce with olive oil daily.

Besides this, you can eat whatever you like: hot soups of potato and artichoke, porridge, every kind of vegetable, fruit and meat, as and how obtainable; but these items represent the minimum essentials of nourishment to keep you in the pink of condition.

They sound simple, although the first quibble will be about lettuce. It is not abundant in January. Replace it with celery. Celery is the great antidote for rheumatism, an antacid. Keep it in your diet, raw and cooked, as long as it is in season.

Now for a re-emphasis on lettuce. As far as is possible, it should always constitute the basis of your salad, because it is charged with vitamins, and, moreover, has the rare attribute of calming as it strengthens. It prevents ebullitions of nerves over problems, or the too-rapid dispersal of energy.

Consider what it is that leads to those lines from nose to mouth in young women, and that sudden collapsed, overstrung look. It is all due to a too-rapid dispersal of energy, a frittering away of force. This happens less often with older women, who, at thirty-five, have twice the staying power that they had at twenty-five, because they know how to direct effort, and how to apportion and conserve energy.

Even so, they are apt to grow suddenly tired round the eyes. Well, lettuce tends to stop all this.

Oranges are important at this time of year, because they contain the sunlight vitamin. Later on, substitute whatever fruits you can get. A famous physician has said that a dessertspoonful of olive oil is sufficient to produce immunity from disease if started at an early enough age and never missed, because it enforces regularity and makes congestion impossible, thereby barring a host of evils, including anæmia, which is the forerunner of most of them.

If your skin is drab and lifeless, your eye dull and your hair lank, you are anæmic without a doubt. If it hasn't gone as far as this, and you merely grow puffed running upstairs, or for a bus, or you always want to sleep and yet have restless nights, or you recoil from getting to grips with anything and would rather let matters slide, you are on the way to being anæmic. Add raw grated carrots to your salad; beetroot later, and baby carrots as soon as they are available.

There is something in the chlorophyl, or colouring matter, of the carrot which revitalises the blood-stream. Now chlorophyl in the embryonic stage of the young carrot is twice as powerful as when it has been released and dispersed to colour the older carrot. Consequently, the baby carrot will fill you with more power. Moreover, it is tastier.

Spring onions are good for anæmia, also for spots on the face. These are more likely to affect the young woman, although there may be an outcrop of them this year among all ages as they come from a variety of causes. Spots round the mouth and chin signify digestive trouble; those along the jaw-line and cheek are due to a silting-up of the pores; this, again, may be the result of faulty digestion; behind the ears and down the spine they denote inflamed nerve-ends. Now these may either precipitate acid into the blood, or existing acid in the blood may inflame them. Either way, honey is one of the best cures, and milk.

Complexion, hair, and eyes always reflect a liveliness when there is a sufficiency of milk in the diet, a clarity, a resilience.

TAX FREE

EPSOM SALTS. *Half a pound in a bath takes all acid from the skin, relieves rheumatism, reduces swollen ankles.*

CAMPHOR. *A sixpenny bottle of spirits of camphor will cure and disguise, by means of a white precipitation, lip colds and any eruption.*

YEAST. *Threepennyworth mixed with as much milk as is required to form a slippery paste will give you the finest facial uplift. Wipes out all signs of fatigue. Slip it on over a skin-food, leave for twenty minutes, then peel off, tone with an astringent.*

ZINC OINTMENT AND CASTOR OIL, *blended in equal quantities and worked into the skin, cure acne.*

MILK. *For good sight in the dark. Also hardens and whitens teeth.*

In any event, regard your salad as the corrective dish. If you are susceptible to kidney trouble—check up on your eye-sockets for this, there will be tell-tale pouches under your eyes—eat quantities of asparagus as soon as it comes in.

Roman patricians always bathed in milk, so good was it considered for the skin. But it serves less purpose out than in, except in the case of eyelashes.

If you have short and skimpy lashes, open your eyes in an eyeglassful of milk every other night, wipe the liquid off the lids, leaving it round the lash-roots only. Then take a piece of soft cloth and dip it in boric acid lotion, and pass this between the lids over the eyeball. No milk should be left in the eye, or it will inflame the eyeball.

As a further precaution, bathe the eyes with warm water next morning. Do this three times a week for three weeks, and note your new-found length of lash. It may be that milk will give your lids pink rims; in this case use it only twice a week, or, if the pinkness continues, abandon milk for castor oil, which can be worn day and night. Just a streak along the lash-roots. Castor oil will work the growing trick, but more slowly. For darkening the lashes, there is a new mascara on an oil base that will not wash off in tears or rain, gives a most alluring finish, and can be lashed on in a hurry.

Try squeezing Arden's Velva Cream Soap out of a tube over hands that have become rough owing to constant immersion in hot water; rub the cream in, it will not feel unduly sticky, and leave it on until you have done all your chores—cleaned the car, the grates, peeled the vegetables, whatever it is—then wash. The soap cream will have collected all the dirt and prevented it from griming in. No unnecessary rubbing, you see. And soft white hands are becoming more and more difficult to keep. This soap cream helps the cuticles, too; and a touch of white iodine at the base of the nails will keep your long ones from cracking.

Dandruff over your scalp, white-heads under your skin, or twinges of rheumatism all spring from one thing—acid secretions in the blood-stream. It may sound odd to start clearing your scalp by kneading your toe-joints, your ankle-joints, your knees, but that is the finest way to it. Start at the opposite end to your head, lift a foot out of your warm bath, work your thumbs between the bones, and twirl every toe round in its socket; pummel the knee hard, deal short, smart taps right up the shin, get the blood coursing through your legs, then make it course through your head by kneading your scalp with a lifting-from-the-skull movement.

Your scalp may be so tight it will refuse to move; work away at it. Ejyra's Dandruff Pomade will remove the scurf for you, but it will come again unless you right the condition generating it.

Drink cabbage water, potato water, barley water, as much vegetable fluid as you can; throw your head right back and then start whirling it on the vertebræ of the spine, turning it to the left side, down forward, to the right and back; you will hear the secretions crunch. But the fluid will wash them out for you, check rheumatism, stop dandruff, and eliminate white-heads under the skin. You can also use a balm on your face that will excite circulation to such a pitch that it may cast out the white-heads; it will certainly clear the skin.

A daily quota of fresh air; comfortable shoes—ill-fitting ones will throw your stance out of alignment and circulation out of gear—the food essentials mentioned, and a few regular exercises should keep your skin in perfect condition, neither too oily nor too dry.

Have your beauty routine simple. There is a cream that serves a triple purpose, cleanses, nourishes and acts as a powder foundation. If you are over thirty-five, you will, of course, have to have a good nourishing cream as well. But it is foolish to over-stimulate and feed the skin before it requires it.

The golden rule to observe is: always remove old make-up, and remove it several times a day. Prepare your face for its rest at night by the most thorough cleanse. Somehow it 's quite amazing how many women forget to do this, yet if you sleep in old make-up, it lines the face more quickly than if you omitted ever to give it a touch of skin-food. A lotion that sets like a second skin can be painted on overnight once a week, taken off with cream and a good wash next morning, just to deep-pore cleanse the skin and guard against blemishes.

If you suffer from shadows or bags under the eyes, rest and sleep are the true cure—unless, as mentioned before, you have caught a kidney chill or have kidney trouble, in which case swallow a (Continued on page 58)

By Chrysis

WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me, at 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4

Clothes With a Future

Two gay young dresses, the first of velveteen in jewel colours, black and nigger, its yoke line emphasised by tucking, stitched, shaped pockets, self buttons. £3 10s. The second, scarlet angora (also gold, green, boudoir blue), has flattering bishop sleeves, a hip yoke and pocket flaps meeting flat stitched pleats. £3

Please apply to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, for names of the shops where these clothes can be obtained

(Above.) Stepping-out (or staying at home) dress in cherry crepe (or black or soft blue), its pleated bodice stitched down a little, released over the bosom, then stitched again to the waist. Self bow and buttons. £6 6s.

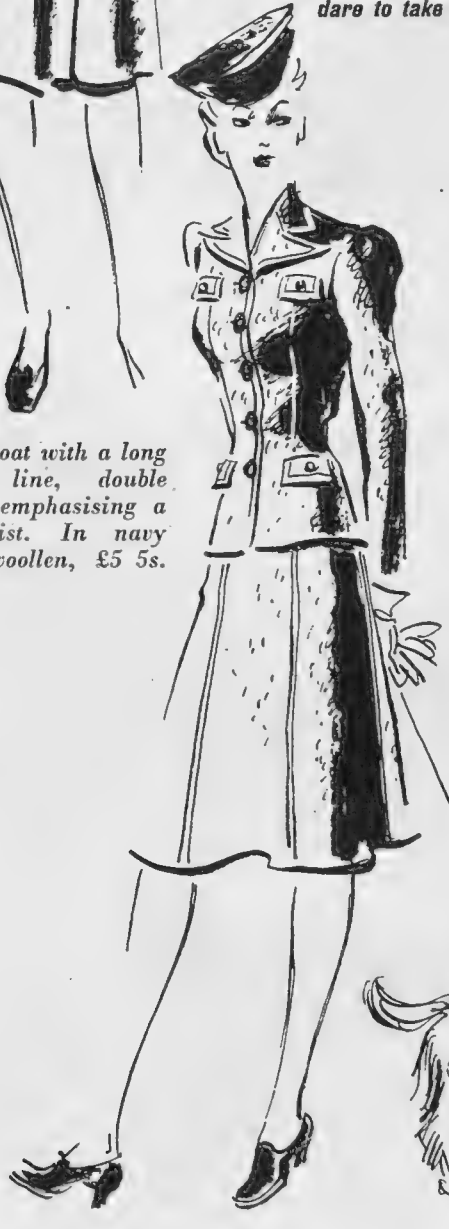
(Left.) Navy (or brown) woollen pinafore skirt, gored, trim at the waist, with stitched shoulder-straps (35s. 9d.), over a tailored shirt to be had in many colours (12s. 11d.)

FASHIONS By JEAN BURNUP

Editor, Women's Department

If half the women who used to have colds around are now wondering why they are immune this year, I'll tell them. It is because they are keeping their feet warm and dry in wool-lined boots. (How that vogue has swept the land . . .) And because they are going snugly to bed or shelter-bed in high-necked, long-sleeved, woollen nightdresses, distractingly pretty on account of their smocking and frilling, their general shapeliness and their colours, which are revolutionary for night wear, being blue, wine, green. Lined up with all this cosiness are roomy blanket or coloured camel coats to go over tweed suits, delicate woolly underwear and nice warm thoughts about the turn of the year and the gradual lessening of the black-out. Pinafore skirts and frocks are having a great run just now (with them you interchange sweaters, shirts, cardigans, and odd jackets). Every other woman one knows comes out sometime or another in a suavely pleated Koneray skirt and a Wolsey twin-set sweater and cardigan. Severe elegance is still the dinner-dress note, high-necked, full-skirted, the bodice draped or blouse-y. New colours coming along soon will be the rich warm hues of stained-glass windows, vivid yellows, deep, glowing reds and blues, heather-toned tweeds, muted plaids in pinks, mauves and blues. Watch for longer suit-jackets, with high revers and square shoulders (let anyone dare to take that much-loved line from us). Pleated skirts will hang straighter

A superb coat with a long Princess line, double hip flaps emphasising a small waist. In navy or black woollen, £5 5s.



Moss-green woollen suit, the jacket cut on youthful lines, with high revers, square shoulders, four pockets, a half-belt at back, the skirt all-round gored. Also in brown, vivid red. £4 10s.

Wine blanket cloth coat to go over dresses or suits (also in cherry, tan, ice). Fullness is massed in front beneath the tie belt. Loose cuffs, interesting seaming, slit pockets add to its personality. £6 16s. 6d.

HOUSE

What lies ahead for your home? you how to trace the course of January to December. Remember in the home as elsewhere, it is wise

AQUARIUS : January 21. Outlook generally overcast. Initiative is at low ebb, but you will be well advised to make an effort and look to future plans for maintenance and improvement around the home. Attention to detail at this stage will pay dividends in later months.

Cold spells are threatened and discomfort will be minimised by simple, common-sense measures to protect exposed pipes. A small lamp kept burning near the cistern will be advisable. Burst pipes can be temporarily held by mixture of yellow soap and powdered whitening. At night run off pails of clean water for use in a possible shortage.

January sales should be utilised to replenish linen. Lengths of soft furnishing material promise to be cheap and will save considerable expense when refurbishing is done. Further outlook supports the wisdom in this connection of buying to the full extent of means available.

PISCES : February 19. Continuous difficulties forecast in connection with weather conditions. Dark days and epidemics are threatened, but a cheerful, warm and optimistic atmosphere within the home will do much to ward off serious trouble. Keep passages and bedrooms at an even temperature, as far as possible, to prevent chills. Overheated rooms can be averted by common-sense precautions.

Slight easing of the situation noticeable towards the close of the month. To relieve general monotony, try pepping-up menus. Warm, nourishing and interesting cakes at tea. Savoury soups made from bone and vegetable stock provide nourishment if meat is short. Bread puddings are satisfying, economical as well as appetising and can be steamed, baked or boiled for variety.

GEMINI : May 21. Increased cheerfulness noticeable in all parts of the home by reason of lighter days, new colours and the cleaning "blitz." Rooms still unattended, perhaps those where fires are still in daily use, will, this month, receive their quota of attention.

Turn carpets where possible to save wear and fading, repaint woodwork and colour-wash ceilings if further decorations are impossible. In relation to new colour schemes Fashion promises to spotlight combinations of grey and yellow, mulberry and violet, blue-green and plum, turquoise and sugar-stick pink.

Outlook favourable for amateur decorators to whom a systematic policy is advised to avoid confusion. Work slowly and thoroughly. Scamp the preparations, and the finished result will never be good.

ARIES : March 20. Outlook improving. This month of blustery winds shows promise of some really profitable hours spent in the garden. Conditions propitious for planting annuals. Special attention is indicated for allotments and kitchen gardens. Sowings of vegetables, dwarf beans, scarlet runners, Brussels-sprouts, savoys, and Jerusalem artichokes come at this time.

For the flower garden, plants of forget-me-nots, primroses and dahlias. Plants of antirrhinums and zinnias do well among bedding-out plants. Rose bushes are among the few shrubs to plant this month.

For the table, winter salads make for greater interest and health, and include equal quantities of cooked sprouts, boiled sliced potato, cooked cauliflower, sliced beetroot and chopped apple.

CANCER : June 21. Long evenings indicate relaxation of black-out conditions. Windows can be reconditioned. Frilly muslin curtains, bright chintz and artificial silk drapes give important fillip to summer sunshine.

Conditions favourable for cleaning winter household effects. Blankets, for instance, will respond to washing in warm, soapy water to which is added a solution made of two tablespoonfuls of borax or a small lump of ammonia in a pint of soft water. Soak the blankets for a short time, singly. Squeeze and rinse thoroughly. Do not wring, but shake occasionally. Choose a sunny day with a wind.

Sunny days suggest advisability of bringing bedding into the open for a while, also of overhauling garden furniture which has been laid away for the winter.

TAURUS : April 20. Spring blossoms bring an atmosphere of gaiety and optimism. Daffodils and stickybuds, catkins and crocuses will decorate the home and infuse a new gaiety into tired rooms. Look out for signs of shabbiness and winter weariness which gleams of new sunshine bring.

Take note this month of renewals and repairs, both to the house and to its furnishing and equipment. Lay in materials, work out colour combinations for rooms to be redecorated and assemble implements before beginning the annual cleaning and overhauling campaign.

Renew cleaning apparatus; spring cleaning becomes easier by half with methodical progress and efficient implements.

WINTER: *Oak panelling, real or ersatz, makes for substantial comfort and an atmosphere of warm intimacy in the living-room*

Horoscope

Here is the table of fortune showing events in the coming months, from that forewarned is forearmed and, to be ready for everything that comes

LIBRA : September 23. Conditions ripe for making pickle and preserves. Green tomato chutney, pickled walnuts and pickled mushrooms. Pumpkin preserve is indicated as well as bottled plums and greengages.

Other portents are a revival of interest in entertaining, which has diminished through the summer months. Tea functions are most likely to be favoured in place of cocktail- and dinner-parties.

An important reason for this is they can be held early, giving guests the chance of reaching home before the black-out. They have at the same time an intimate atmosphere with the social advantages of later parties, whilst being economical.

Knitting, sewing and war-relief committees are prominent among plans for another winter. The signs are that you will be making more of your own warm clothes than ever before, and instruction in advance is good planning.

LEO : July 23. Summer spreading its influence over house and garden suggests the wisdom of using all available sunshine to counteract ill effects of winter and black-out conditions.

Exercises out of doors and before the open window will be found beneficial to health and beauty. Attention to sport, tennis, swimming and walking will prove restful to frayed nerves and stimulating to the nerves.

In the home, light menus, cool colourings and the banishment of all heavy winter trappings will help to ensure a cool and restful atmosphere. Time for jam-making is here. Those who have conserved sugar supplies will definitely score at this stage.

Garden teas take the place of indoor entertaining. Salad meals help the rationing problem and encourage health.

SCORPIO : October 23. Shorter evenings and darker mornings can be looked for as one indication of winter discomforts ahead. Well-devised preparations to meet them in advance will be repaid in many ways.

A greater appearance of warmth and comfort will be given to the house with heavier curtains to exclude draught, inviting cushions, a change of colour scheme wherever possible to include cheerful, warm colourings and a general overhaul of the lighting system.

Replenish faulty lights. Introduce lamps to give more illumination locally and to enhance the appearance of warmth.

Give an eye to rattling doors and windows, as also to faulty chimneys. Hot-water systems with an inclination to strike should have attention. Overhaul the black-out.

VIRGO : August 23. General indications show holiday spirit prevailing, but conventional holidays seem unlikely to materialise for most. Those already in the country will make the best of gardens and sunny days. Those left in town will do the same as far as possible. Outdoor meals should be organised to avoid discomfort generally associated with them. Serving trolleys, a portable table and good chairs promise to make the garden holiday more enjoyable.

Kitchen gardens begin to yield generously of salad vegetables. These, if served in new ways, will give interest to hot-day meals. A drink for little ones can be made from one ounce of tartaric acid, one drachm of essence of lemon, sugar to sweeten. Mix ingredients together. Divide into twenty portions. Wrap in separate papers and store in an air-tight tin. Each portion makes one glass.

SAGITTARIUS : November 22. The time seems ripe this month for those odd jobs of replenishing, remaking and repairing around the house which have been reproaching you all the summer months. This month promises the right conditions for such tasks as this. Dive into the linen cupboard and bring forth the items that can be made over. With every indication of a forthcoming linen shortage time spent in this manner should pay.

Crochet blankets are an idea for practical homework. Crochet or knitted wool squares, neatly grafted, in harmonised colours make lovely modern patchwork quilts.

Petit-point stool embroidery should pass the time profitably and pleasantly with other forms of handicraft, whereby the home can be improved during the months ahead.

SPRING : *Window-boxes cheer the house from inside and out. English bulbs, if less plentiful, are good and mingle with flowering shrubs*

SUMMER : *Gay, practical and comfortable garden furniture is really the whole story of pleasure outdoors and meals in the sun*

CAPRICORNUS : December 22. Plans for Christmas are in the foreground of household tasks. Lay in available supplies of fruit and other necessities for puddings, and place orders well ahead for seasonal foods that may prove difficult to come by later. Equal portions of figs, dates, honey, if obtainable, enrich and sweeten Christmas puddings. Shredded carrot is also said to have a sweetening capacity.

General indications point to the fact that practical small gifts will be the most approved. Small gifts of money will save much bother and ensure recipients a personal choice.

Christmas decorations will not be neglected. In fact, everything will be done to reproduce the atmosphere of a normal Happy Christmas.

WITH NO

What you and I and every woman wants most of all at this moment is a rest from it all. To admit it is far from being guilty of defeatism. It is just true that we yearn for escape from anxiety and trouble. All of us react differently, but it is a pretty safe bet that the average woman, given the chance, would let everything go and relieve her feelings in an orgy of downright feminism.

It is the obvious reaction to the conditions of the past months. Like the thirsty man in the waterless desert, women long for pretty things, for relaxation from toughness and respite from discretion.

My dream—and yours—of an adequate recompense for current hardships, is an outburst of feminine clothes, a positive orgy of luxury and delicacy in our persons and in our homes. Just not to have to think about expense, or even to be practical at all, would be heaven.

There can be no harm in dreaming. On the contrary it does some good, and lifts the spirits to pretend occasionally, so we make no apology for this excursion into the realms of make-believe. In fact, we invite you to join with us in a few moments of pure anticipation. Let's pretend that we can let ourselves go, that misery and economy and toughness and endurance are all things of the past. We can be as feminine and as frivolous as we like. Let us picture a room, a dream-room, where everything but beauty and restfulness and gaiety is ignored.

What kind of room will yours be? Naturally it will combine all the ideals of colouring and styling you have ever had. Perhaps your temperament runs to mellowed timber and glinting brass, perhaps to classical forms and lustrous fabrics; again, it may be for a slick modern, rather exotic atmosphere. Whatever it is, you can dream your own dreams. Perhaps they may have something in common with ours. At least, the designs we have made here may give you ideas for your dreaming, though the details may differ.

Both the rooms pictured are, as we imagine them, in the kind of average house that most of us have or hope to have some time. Dreams they may be, but there is a strong element of reality about them.

Take the dining-room. In colour it is a very delectable place, and the impression is mainly accomplished with colour, clever combinations of fabrics and charming grouping. It is the kind of dream-room that might easily come true.

The flowered wallpaper is the nucleus of an unusual colour scheme. On a delicate turquoise background there are tiny, formal baskets of flowers in white. The doors and the low dado are also white, repeating the immaculate white gloss of the painted table, the chair frames and the sideboard.

APOLOGIES

The curtains are very simple, but richly effective with white muslin heavily draped under the sheer hanging folds of light wine satin (*Vin Rose* is a good description of its colouring). Against the delicate colouring of the walls, the sheen of these curtains is especially lovely.

The high-backed, luxuriously upholstered chairs are an extravagant touch, but one which gives the whole room its individuality. Glazed chintz echoing the design and the colouring of the wallpaper is used as covering for colourings and the delicate frilled bed curtains which have a counterpart in the draperies at the bow window.

A four-poster is the dream of all who love eighteenth-century furnishing; but real four posters are rare. Here we achieve the impression of one without the posts.

The chintz valance is fixed in place with small wooden fitments, which screw into the ceiling at the four corners. The pelmet valance is simply clipped on to these and the spotted muslin curtains are tastefully hung from inside.

By Winifred Lewis

these and their novelty is increased by the use of a very heavy tufted white braid which decorates the edges.

A big easy chair, just coming into the picture on the left, is covered in the same light wine artificial satin of which the curtains are made. The plain fitted carpet is a dramatic background note in rich peacock blue.

Every detail of this room is carefully studied. The shapely white china bowl in the centre of the table is filled with velvet-faced pansies, the mirror between the two deep windows is heavily gilt edged and the white painted birdcage is a lovely setting for the blue-green and golden plumage of the budgerigar which occupies it.

Comfort is a salient feature of the room for all its delicacy. The carpet is soft and silky textured, the chairs are superbly restful and the colouring throughout, though gay and stimulating, is soothing to the eyes.

The bedroom is one hundred per cent feminine, slightly eighteenth century in style and yet with practical modern advantages. Its outstanding charms are the surprise

Grey, yellow and lime green are the predominant colours of the scheme. The walls are very pale grey. So also is the woodwork. Fluffy spotted muslin curtains at the four corners of the bed are of deep cream, tied back with bows of yellow velvet. The glazed chintz valance above has a yellow ground with a tiny sprig pattern in green and a deep ball fringe as finish. The same chintz is used for the window pelmet, and again as a deep border for the dressing-table drapery which is of lime green satin. Yellow satin curtains hang with cream spotted net at the windows and the bed quilt is yellow candlewick.

Natural skin rugs and a dove grey carpet furnish the floor, while other details pick up the colouring and the character of the room. Candlesticks are shaded with yellow silk and small chair seats are of the yellow glazed chintz.

Feminine, delicate, lighthearted in every detail, both rooms express the yearning that is in us all for better times —times that may be near or far, and for which, by dreaming, we can be ready when they finally come.

By OLIVE RANDALL

SHE Fades INTO THE WALLPAPER

Everybody knows her, the sort of woman who is so completely nondescript that wherever she is, she just fades into the wallpaper. You will find it hard to build up a picture of her because she is the woman whose name you never remember, whose age you never bother to guess, whose eyes you never know the colour of, whose hair is just a nebulous and unpolished frame for a set of features which you can never piece together in your mind.

You cannot recollect what her clothes are like, you could never quote a thing you ever heard her say, you have probably no idea whether she is short or tall.

Actually she is quite pretty in a rather dreary sort of way, and a thoroughly nice person with a slightly better-than-average brain, but all the same she has missed most of the things in life she wanted.

Is it your secret ambition to become a human vacuum like this? Then here are some short cuts to its achievement.

Always agree with everything that any one says, because by so doing you completely kill all possibilities of stimulating conversation. Invariably withhold the piquant comment. Whole-heartedly and patiently distrust your own judgment. Laugh politely at other people's pointless jokes, making your own as long-winded and rambling as you can.

If you are going to a party or have to get yourself ready for any special occasion, spend endless time on your make-up and fuss so much about your clothes that you become thoroughly bored with yourself long before you have any chance to impress your personality on other people.

Slide into the room with an air of abject apology and enfold yourself in an atmosphere of faint but unmistakable superiority. You then create an unassailable aura of depression and antagonism.

Never, never do the unexpected thing. It is one of the best ways of quickening other people's interest. And if you should feel deeply enough about anything to lose your temper, be sure to do it only in your own room and at a time when there is nobody there to enjoy the excitement.

Stay forever a looker-on at life without ever growing sufficiently involved to become a student of it. If you want to limit your experience in the most drastic way, set comfort beyond all other considerations. Turn yourself into a reflection of what you think other people want you to be instead of indulging in the luxury of being yourself. Quite soon you will have no intrinsic value.

Do not worry about developing that poise that makes life a lovely and a gracious thing. Let any and every situation catch you off your guard so that your own embarrassment is so acute that everybody else is caught up in it. Never do a thing to prevent hidebound conventionality from completely stifling your humanity, for few things can equal its effectiveness in narrowing your vision and depriving you of all warmth.

Spend as much time as you can feeling guilty about small social demeanours that do not matter in the slightest, because then there will be no chance of you ever learning that in this world you can get away with almost anything, providing you do it with an air. And finally, never for one moment let yourself suspect that your greatest weakness is that you have never learned to trade on other people's weaknesses.

(Continued on page 54)

On Duty—*and Off*

THERE is a lot to be said for a holiday, especially when it is your first war holiday. To get out of London and not to hear a siren for ten days and ten nights seems almost too good to be true. Going upstairs to bed in a real bedroom and snuggling into a large bed with a Vi-Spring mattress and fine linen sheets is an almost forgotten luxury.

It is fun to wear nail varnish and lipstick once more and high heels in the evening; and it is most satisfactory to see one's eyes unbuttoning in the country air and one's complexion losing its first "blitz" bloom.

There were whopping great sand dunes and long country walks with the dog and farm-house teas.

There were also *thés dansant* in a grand provincial hotel, where we had to wear evening dress if we wished to dance on Saturday evening, jewellery, silver foxes, mink and all kinds of things I had almost forgotten the looks of, and there was the fly in the ointment; the wireless and the newspapers telling us what we were missing at home, telling us too much and not enough, so that we hardly knew how to wait until we could come back and see for ourselves.

It would be hard to tell which we enjoyed most; getting away or coming home. After a holiday the barrage sounds like a comforting lullaby in London, the opposition planes seem to drone away in a rather half-hearted fashion, and when bombs shake the house they do so rather more playfully than they did before we went on our holiday. As a wise old taxi driver said to me one evening when he took me back to hospital: "Sometimes I don't like these raids much and sometimes I think little or nothing of them. It just depends on the mood I am in."

By Jane Gordon

On Duty

BEFORE this winter is out we are going to learn a thing or two about shelters which we never dreamed of in pre-blitz days. The damp of trench shelters, the plague of mosquitoes in a Tube shelter I know of, the stuffy heat in the basement of some communal and public shelters, the stone coldness of others and the fantastic stuffiness are all problems which either have been or will be solved before we are much older.

One of our hospital resident doctors has been put in charge of the shelters in our immediate district and it has been very interesting to see how these problems have been dealt with. For instance, a special gadget to sterilise the air is being tried out. It consists of a neat looking black case about 18 in. long, 12 in. high and 7 in. wide. It is quite easy to carry. It works by electricity and a special solution of Milton is used. It takes about two minutes to sterilise an ordinary sized house room for four hours. In the shelter it will have to be run three to four minutes every four hours. The actual cost is, I believe, £15 15s., but as the box can be carried from shelter to shelter and used if necessary in the hospital's isolation as well, this does not seem exorbitant. If it works out as it promises you can imagine the amount of colds and 'flu epidemics that will be scotched before they have time to get under way. There is no reason that a gadget like this should not be used in large office buildings or even hired out for private houses in order to prevent 'flu, colds and coughs from spreading among office staffs, or even one's own household.

TO get rid of shelter stuffiness one of the most comforting things I know is Rogers and Gallet's new French eau-de-Cologne. It is as deliciously fresh as country air and it can be used in a dozen different ways. Try it, for instance, as an after-bath friction, or if you have been doing any particularly dirty work wash your hands in the ordinary way, then sprinkle a few drops in a fresh lot of water and rinse your hands in this.

Massage your feet with a little eau-de-Cologne before you go on duty or when you come off and you'll feel a new woman. Soak a little pad of cotton wool with eau-de-Cologne and rub this over your eyebrows before you pluck them. You will find the plucking process much less painful and the danger of subsequent spots lessened. Swab over the tweezers afterwards with eau-de-Cologne. Put a little in the palm of your hand; rub your hair brush over it and if your hair smells of old cigarette smoke or shelter stuffiness it will disappear after a brushing with eau-de-Cologne. This (Continued on page 60)

Off Duty

LIVING in London whole days go by together and I never seem to find time to go out shopping, so last week when I got an afternoon off duty I was absolutely determined to make the most of it. Beginning at Oxford Street I went into a shop to ask if they had any silk and wool mixtures for socks. The girl behind the counter looked at me as if I had said something rather indecent and informed me stiffly that they had nothing like that in stock, what's more, they hadn't for some time, and wouldn't for a long time more. I have noticed this same outlook is adopted by most young ladies who sell knitting wool. You have only to ask for non-Fighting Service wool and they at once become very stiff and proud.

Turning out of Oxford Street into Bond Street I sauntered along and marvelled at the different types of boarding surrounding shop windows and the shop windows themselves which seem to have shrunk to the size of small pocket handkerchiefs. Later on while passing Fortnum and Mason's, a window full of bottles caught my eye and I remembered that our cellar was most scantily equipped with liqueurs, so I wandered into the wine department where I was met by a knowledgeable-looking nobleman who inquired what my wishes might be. I began tentatively:

"Have you any vodka?"

"No, madam. We haven't seen a bottle for some considerable time."

"How sad. Perhaps you have a little Aqa Vit left?"

By way of an answer he wagged a finger at me and said playfully, "Now ask me for kummel."

"All right, I will. Have you any?"

He came as near to giggling as no matter and informed me that all he had left was one odd bottle of cherry brandy.

"Well, if it's not too odd, I'll order it." Which I did and now it is in the cellar waiting for a rainy day.

A few doors down the street there is a shop where they sell exactly the kind of map cases for officers that I had searched for in vain a few weeks before. They are canvas with a talc front and a flap-over containing a row of those coloured pencils which are used for mapping out routes. The case came in three sizes, one rather small, one very large, and a convenient-looking medium size. In the same window they were showing some good-looking string gloves in dark brown and khaki lined with wool.

It was a sunny afternoon so I took a bus down to Knightsbridge to look at the windows and (Continued on page 60)

Here is Beginner's Meat

LUMBER JACKET

MATERIALS
11 oz. 4-ply Sirdar "Majestic" wool in wine; 6 buttons; 1 pair each of No. 8 and No. 13 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS
Length from shoulder, 18½ ins.; across back underarm, 17 ins.; across each front, 9½ ins.; sleeve length, 22 ins.

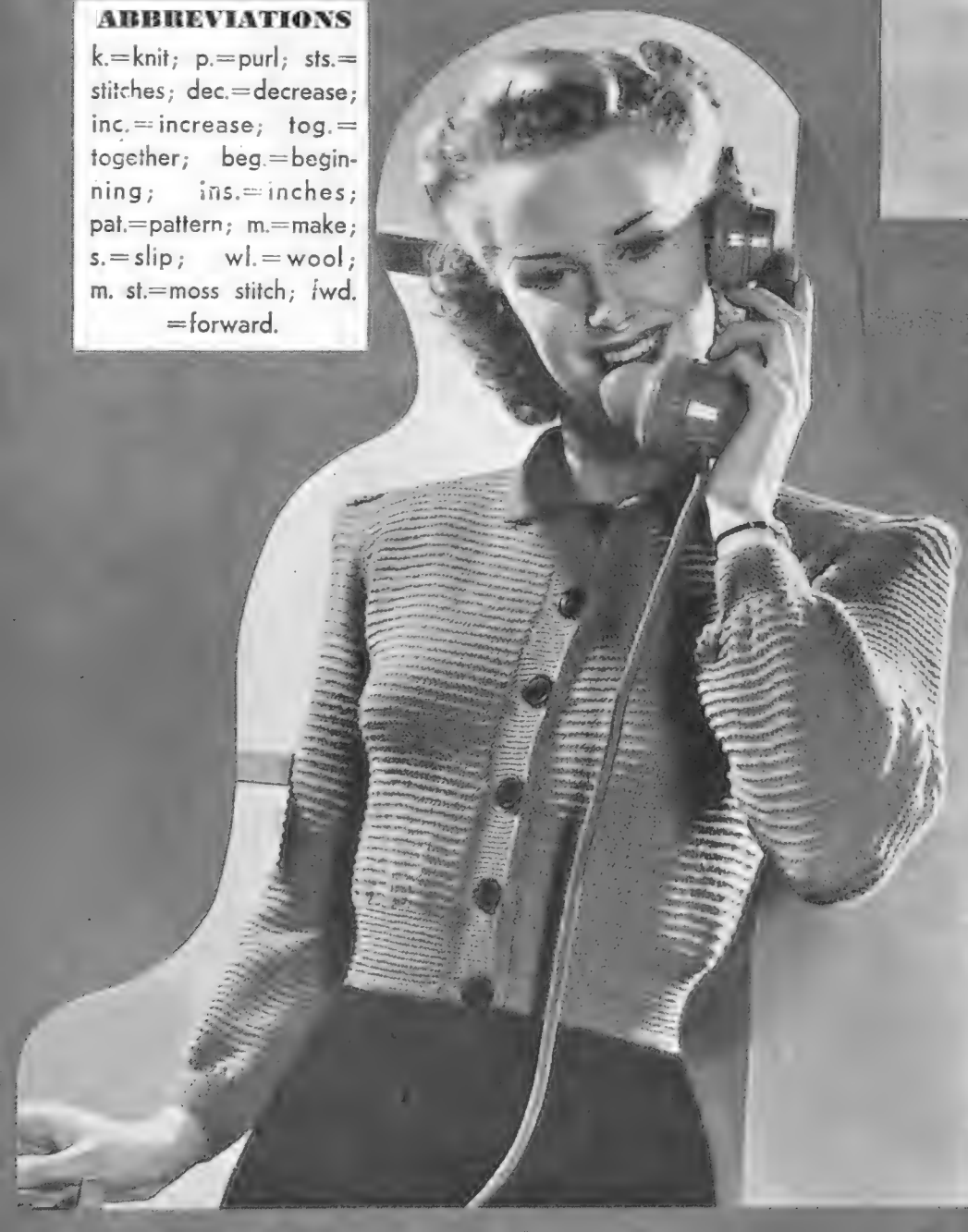
TENSION
13 sts. to 2 ins.

THE BACK
With No. 13 needles cast on 88 sts. K. 4 rows plain knitting. Then continue in the following patt.:
1st row.—K. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—P. **4th row.**—P. **5th row.**—K. **6th row.**—K. These 6 rows make the patt. Continue until work measures 3 ins. from the beg. On the last row only, inc. once in every 4th st. (110 sts. now). Change to No. 8 needles and continue in patt. until work measures 11½ ins. from the beg.

SHAPE ARMHOLES
Cast off 6 at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Continue for 7 ins. on the remaining 86 sts.

ABBREVIATIONS

k.=knit; p.=purl; sts.=stitches; dec.=decrease; inc.=increase; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; ins.=inches; pat.=pattern; m.=make; s.=slip; wl.=wool; m. st.=moss stitch; fwd.=forward.



For a Three-year-old

PANTS AND

SHAPE SHOULDERS
Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT
With No. 13 needles cast on 48 sts. Work as for the back until work measures 11½ ins. from the beg. and 60 sts. on needle.

SHAPE ARMHOLE
Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 48 sts. remain. Continue for 4½ ins. on these 48 sts.

SHAPE NECK
Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work 1½ ins. at the same time dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER
Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row until all sts. are cast off.

LEFT FRONT
With No. 13 needles cast on 48 sts. and work as for the right front until 11½ ins. from the beg.

SHAPE ARMHOLE
Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 48 sts. remain. Continue for 5½ ins. on these 48 sts.

SHAPE NECK
Cast off 10 sts. (Continued on page 63)

JERSEY

Instructions on page 63

This is Chic and Slimming

SHIRT STYLE JUMPER

MATERIALS

7 oz. 3-ply Lister's "Lavenda" wool in pale blue (No. 250); 1 oz. of the same wool in deeper blue (No. 21); 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 11 knitting needles; buttons for neck.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.; length, 18½ ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles cast on 111 sts. with pale blue. Work k. 3, p. 3 rib for 3½ ins. Change to No. 9 needles and the following patt.:

1st row (Wrong side of work).—* K. 3, p. 3; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 3.

2nd row.—* P. 5, k. 3; rep. from * ending p. 3. Rep. these 2 rows 4 more times.

11th row.—K. 3, * p. 3, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1; rep. from * ending k. 3.

12th row.—Twist cables as follows: * P. 3, sl. the first of next 3 k. sts. on to a spare needle, k. second 3, then k. the sts. on spare needle; rep. from *. Rep. these 12 rows throughout.

M. 1 st. at beg. and end of 13th row and every 4th row after until there are 135 sts. Work straight for a few rows to make side seam 12½ ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 105 sts. Work straight until armholes measure 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 45 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back without any increasing until side seam is 6 ins. Now tie piece of wool in centre st. to mark it. With right side facing, work up to the 5th set of k. sts. from centre out to right and discontinue the twists on these 3 k. sts. and work twice into the centre sts. of these 3 k. sts.

Do the same to the set of k. sts. 5 sets to the left of centre wool. Continue straight, but inc. as just described on every other row, working all the new sts. in st.st. with k. side to right side until there are 15 sts. where each of the 3 k. sts. used to be.

Continue to keep these sts. in st.st. and work straight until side seams measure 12½ ins. Now divide sts. in half by working 66 sts., k. 2 tog. at centre. Leave other 67 sts. on holder until later. Continue on these sts., knitting 2 tog. on every row at armhole edge until there are 52 sts. Work straight until armholes measure 5½ ins. round curve. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 30 sts. Work a row or so to make armholes 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge on every other row 5 times. Work other side the same.

THE BUTTON STRIP

Cast on 10 sts. in deeper blue with No. 11 needles. Work all k. for 2 rows. Now work a buttonhole as follows: K. 4, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 4. Work an inch and repeat buttonhole. Continue in this manner until strip is long enough to finish neck opening. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are no sts. left.

(Continued on page 63)

Lunch in the OFFICE

Packing up snack meals has become part of the day's work, even in a month not usually associated with picnics. Many offices with early closing hours have adopted the eat-at-your-desk plan; and in such cases it is usually better to take something from home than to rely on the ideas of the office boy, who is apt to bring in a doorstep sandwich from the nearest pub.

If you are living in the country you will find, too, that snack lunches must be packed for the children to take to some distant school.

Then, of course, there are the A.R.P. workers to be thought of.

Meals from home are grand when you get there, but often a nuisance to transport unless proper provision is made for their journey. In the absence of greaseproof paper packets that can be slipped into a man's overcoat pocket—a risky way of taking food about, anyway—you have to think of something better.

For a man I would suggest one of those natty brown leather cases sold for army officers, containing a couple of sandwich tins. Cases which include a vacuum flask can be had, too.

Myself, I would prefer a good big leather shopping-bag affair, roomy enough to take a gas mask, a sandwich tin and maybe a vacuum flask.

The children, of course, have their satchels or attaché cases.

Wrap sandwiches in damp cheesecloth before putting in the tin. Pastry should be wrapped in a dry cloth.

Some people have a prejudice against sandwiches, mainly because nothing is more dreary than a badly made one. Also because most providers of sandwich meals omit the fresh element so essential to healthy diet.

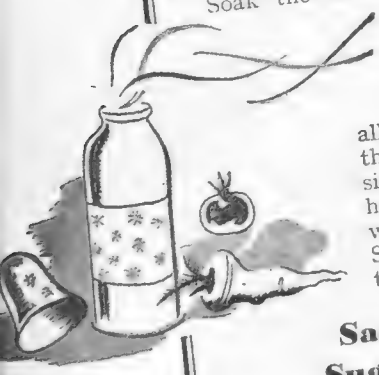
Tomatoes or fruit should be included separately in the luncheon packet. Or use grated raw carrot, or shredded raw cabbage in the sandwiches themselves. Put in some dried fruit occasionally—figs, dates or raisins.

The recipes given here include soups for the vacuum flask, some unusual sandwiches and variations of the Cornish pasty, one of the most convenient, easily carried and sustaining snack meals you can have.

Potato and Vegetable Soup

Required: ½ oz. each of dried haricot beans, split peas and lentils; 4 good-sized potatoes; 3 carrots; ½ turnip; 3 or 4 leeks; 4 pints water; salt and pepper.

Soak the dried vegetables overnight. Peel the potatoes, turnips and carrots and cut into dice; cut up the leeks. Put all in a saucepan with the water, season, and simmer for about 2 hours, replenishing the water as it reduces. Strain, but do not rub through the sieve.



Sandwich Suggestions

Mock Crab. Made by beating together 4 tablespoonfuls grated cheese, 1 tablespoonful creamed margarine, 1 teaspoonful anchovy paste and pepper.

Pork. Thin slices of cold pork with apple sauce mixed with a dash of chutney.

Herring Roes. Roes, canned or fresh cooked, mashed with mustard, salt, pepper, and a few drops of salad oil and vinegar. Brown bread is best for these.

Liver. Cooked liver minced with a little onion or leek. Scatter with grated raw carrot after spreading.

Cream Cheese. Cream cheese with a dash of tomato sauce, mixed with chopped celery.

Cole Slaw. Shredded heart of raw cabbage marinaded in oil and vinegar for a few hours. Scatter with chopped parsley or chervil after spreading.

Three Sweet Sandwiches. Banana mashed with chutney; chopped nuts and prunes; figs, minced and mixed with chopped nuts or chopped raisins.

Cornish Pasties

Required: ½ lb. flour; ½ lb. steak; ¼ lb. margarine, beef dripping or lard; 2 potatoes; 1 onion; salt and pepper; water.

This is the classic recipe for Cornish pasties. It is enough for two large ones, but for snack lunches it is more convenient to make four pasties with these ingredients.

Rub fat into flour. Put in the salt and a little water, and mix to a stiff dough. For small pasties, divide into four parts, rolling each piece into a thin round. Chop the potatoes, onion and meat, mix them with salt and pepper, and put a layer on one half of each round of pastry. Fold over, and pinch the edges together. Bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

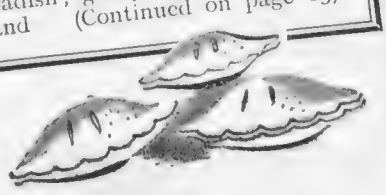
Other Pastry Fillings

Salmon. 1 small tin salmon; 2 tablespoonfuls cooked potato; 1 tablespoonful minced onion (or leek) and parsley; 1 heaped teaspoonful shredded suet; a few drops anchovy essence; pepper; milk.

Mix all dry ingredients together, add anchovy, moisten with a little milk, fill pastry and bake.

Cold Beef. 3 tablespoonfuls diced or minced beef (roast, stewed or grilled); 2 tablespoonfuls cold potato; 1 dessertspoonful sweet chutney; 1 teaspoonful shredded suet; grated horseradish; gravy or meat extract; salt and

(Continued on page 65)



By Harriet Muir

What with the early blackout and other disturbances of the normal English routine, high tea swings across the border from Scotland to take its place as a national wartime custom.

High tea can be either a grand new acquisition or a dreary makeshift, the difference depending upon the cook.

She cannot hope, these days, to match the splendours of a Scottish high tea such as my old grandmother used to provide at her house in the Western Highlands.

The high spots of this astonishing feast would be simple dishes which might equally well appear at breakfast—Aberdeen smoked haddocks poached in milk; sausages skinned, and fried in a coating of egg and breadcrumbs; perhaps just a homely plate of ham and eggs.

It was the trimmings which made grandmother's high tea a memorable feast—the delicious floury rolls, called baps; the girdle scones, brown and white; the oatcakes and glossy-topped cookies; the delicately bronzed pikelets; the pots of fish or meat paste and the bewildering variety of home-made jams and jellies from which you chose your spread; the seed cake, the cherry cake, the big rice or ginger biscuits, the great fancy cake in the centre, richly got up in chocolate icing.

And, I almost forgot to mention, the enormous silver teapot, the gargantuan kettle swinging over from its spirit lamp, the bowls of sugar and of thick cream. . . .

Well, maybe we couldn't take it now, even if Lord Woolton were willing. So let the 1941 cook content herself with a judicious selection from these accessories, just enough to give a spice of variety and surprise to the table.

Have a bowl of fruit. Add, if you can, a salad. For if grandmother didn't care about vitamins, we do.

Haricot Beans and Cheese. Equal parts cold left-over potatoes and boiled beans; 3 oz. grated cheese; 1 teacupful milk; 1 teaspoonful made mustard; bread-crumbs, fat, parsley; pepper and salt.

Mash together the potatoes and beans. Add the cheese, the milk (reserving a little), the mustard; mix thoroughly, seasoning with pepper and salt.

Form into balls, roll in milk and then in breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat. Garnish with parsley.

Tomato Pilchards. Here is a dish that is very quick and easy to prepare if time is the operative factor.

All you need is a tin of pilchards in tomato sauce, plus a little fat.

Split the pilchards. Put into a pan just enough fat to prevent the fish from sticking, make it hot, and add the pilchards. When you have cooked them for a few minutes, add the tomato sauce from the can, make really hot and serve.

Kedgeree. 4 oz. cooked rice; 1 tin boneless herrings; 1 hard-boiled egg; 1 oz. margarine; 1 chopped shallot or small onion; ½ teaspoonful chopped parsley; nutmeg, salt, pepper.

Chop the egg white and rub the yolk through a wire sieve. Flake the fish. Melt the margarine in a pan and cook the onion or shallot (a finely chopped leek will do instead) in it for a few minutes. Add the fish, cook a few minutes more and then put in the rice, the egg whites, a pinch of nutmeg and salt and pepper. Heat thoroughly, stirring well.

Arrange in a pyramid on the serving dish, and scatter the egg yolk and parsley over.

Left-over cold meat (about 6 oz.), coarsely chopped, can be substituted for the herring. So can tinned salmon.

Lemnos Islands. 3 small onions or 2 good-sized leeks; frying fat; cold, left-over vegetables (sprouts, potatoes—whatever is handy); ½ pint milk; ¼ lb. cheese; herbs or vegetable extract; flour to thicken; 4 slices toast; salt and pepper; parsley.

Fry the onions or leeks, sliced, in the fat. When they are nicely browned, add the vegetables, roughly chopped. Cook a little, and add the milk. Flake the cheese with a knife, and put it in. Season with herbs or vegetable extract and salt and pepper, and add just sufficient flour to thicken. Cook a little longer and pour on to slices of freshly made toast in a hot serving dish. Scatter finely chopped parsley over.

The dish can be varied by using minced meat (cooked or raw), or flaked fish. Chopped walnuts make a pleasing addition.

This dish was invented by a wing commander at the Air Ministry.

Oatmeal Scones. 1 breakfastcupful flour; ½ breakfast-cupful oatmeal; piece of fat the size of an egg; ½ teaspoonful baking soda; 1 tablespoonful sugar; 1 heaped tablespoonful cream of tartar; 1 pinch salt; milk to mix.

Mix flour and oatmeal; rub in fat. Add baking soda, sugar, cream of tartar and salt. Mix. Moisten with milk to a soft dough. Turn on to a floured board, dust with flour, roll lightly and cut in rounds. Smooth edges with the fingers, flour again and bake on a fairly hot griddle or electric hot-plate.

High Tea Cake. 1 lb. self-raising flour; ¼ lb. lard, margarine or dripping (or a mixture of these fats); 1 teaspoonful egg substitute powder; ¼ lb. mixed fruit; 2 oz. dates (stoned and chopped); 1 teaspoonful grated orange peel; ¾ pint milk.

Mix flour and egg powder together. Rub in the fat. Add fruit, sugar and orange peel. Stir in milk. Grease an 8-in. baking tin, pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven.

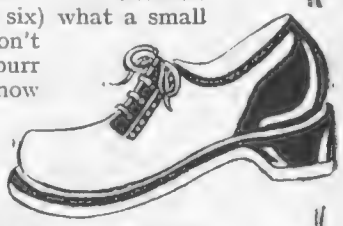
PURCHASE TACTICS

by Mary Young

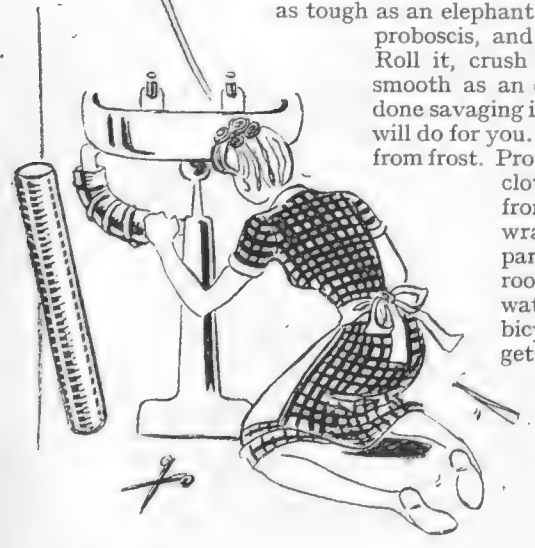
● Miss Zena Daysh reckons that ninety per cent of us females are unfit. *Ouch!* And who is she to speak? Well, she's a stick of dynamite who, working from a West End beauty parlour, has been putting lightness, life and slimness into bodies where none bloomed before. Now, she is practising her gospel of health through figure perfection to an outside London audience. She plans to open at least twelve country and provincial centres, with London headquarters at a big hotel. First and foremost, the Zena Daysh treatment is honest. She doesn't sell you a course of six, when in a couple of treatments she can cure a trick of bad posture. She doesn't sell fancy diets. Maybe she'll tell you to eat more rather than less; but you'll slim unbelievably after a few of her wonderful specialised massages.

● "Delayed action" is the way a chemist who devotes his life to making women lovelier, diagnoses the dingy faces you see us unhappy females toting around, come January. Our pores hibernate in winter or else breathe their last through being shrouded in oodles of cream. Keep 'em alive and breathing, night and day, and your complexion will burgeon like the rose. And here's where my chemist friend comes in with his delicious mimosa skin food, that keeps pores on the bat, right through winter. Clock round, you can wear it, for it's non-greasy; and if you like you can wear your own foundation over. One thing, however, this expert insists upon: after application, splash the face with water, mop up the moisture and dry. This way, he says, your cream will penetrate deeper and give your skin, when you have powdered, that slick finish.

● We have been pixielated about the head now for longer than I care to remember. So I rooted for a hood that had all the pixie advantages and none of its whimsey. The hood you see here will suit you whether you are sixteen or sixty. You'll like the way it fits snugly under the chin and keeps the wind from whistling in your ears. Also the curtain that keeps out draughts and rain drips. Also the soft cosy cloth with which the oilskin is lined. Don't forget, either, when the weather stages a tropical downpour and you are all of a twit wondering if that new mascara of yours is going to stage a downpour, too, you can pull the rever over your forehead and call it a wet day, with a smile.



● I like flattery. Can take it in buckets. And I love to be told (me, size six) what a small foot I have for my height. Well, don't you? And doesn't it make you purr with feminine satisfaction to know that your foot's not small at all, but that it is the slickness of the shoe which deceives the eye? I know a shoe that's slicker than most. It's one of those sturdy, chunky numbers that all smart women are wearing, whether they are lunching at the May Fair or pulling mangel wurzels for Victory, and it makes a six or seven foot look like it takes a four. Clever? It's magic. And the comfort of the shoe is beyond dreams. It has a thick non-slip crepe sole with smart leather welt. It is made in suede or calf, in a variety of colours. Price 35s.



● The uses that can be found for the stuff you see the pretty lady in the picture wrapping round the house pipes, could top the century mark. It is reinforced waterproof paper that's as tough as an elephant's ear; pliable as ditto's proboscis, and practically untearable. Roll it, crush it and back it comes, smooth as an egg. And when you've done savaging it, here are a few things it will do for you. Protect pipes and trees from frost. Protect stored furniture and clothes and keep them safe from damp. Make tough wrapping for overseas parcels. Repair damaged roofs and windows. Make waterproof covers for cars, bicycles, prams, mowers... get a sheet and try it out.

● One thing you must not do to a chilblain is to irritate it by rubbing it up the wrong way or wrapping it up tightly. In fact, you mustn't rub it at all. It just wakes the darn thing up to hot prickly life. And that's one good reason for wearing a glove at night, especially when it is a glove made of impregnated material that draws the sting out of the chilblain's tail and puts it quietly and painlessly to sleep. The gloves can also be worn by day under an ordinary loose-fitting glove and can be washed over and over again without fear of the material losing its potency. The gloves are just as good for rheumaticky or cold, red hands.

If any of the subjects discussed on this page answer your current problems write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4. I shall be happy to send any further information

VAPEX
will stop that cold

THERE will be more colds than ever this winter and everywhere that people gather together will be a possible source of infection. Yet it is so simple to avoid catching cold by taking the precaution of using Vapex regularly. For instance, never go to a cinema or a shelter without a little Vapex on your handkerchief, and if anyone at home has incautiously caught a cold insist that the whole family (especially the culprit) uses Vapex.

A few drops sprinkled on the handkerchief give a powerful but pleasant antiseptic vapour which, when breathed occasionally into the nose and throat, effectively clears the mucous membranes. Cold and 'flu germs are air-borne invaders entering your unguarded nose and throat, but you will be protected if you use Vapex regularly.

But if you haven't taken precautions and now have a cold, start using Vapex at once. Breathe the vapour *frequently* to destroy the germ colonies. You will benefit immediately, too, because Vapex relieves head stuffiness and eases respiration by clearing the bronchial passages. Vapex penetrates far beyond the reach of ordinary remedies, clearing the mucus-laden passages as it goes.

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STOCKINGS

Editorial Endorsement

Embodying facts about skin care, make-up and personality, with special reference to some reputable advertised products

Your Ears There has been a lot of talk about the injurious effect of noise and blast upon the ears and many people are wondering just what the effect of nightly bombardments will be in this connexion.

It is true that the ear is one of the most delicate organs of the body, so delicate, in fact, that there is the worst kind of danger in experimentation, except by those who fully understand what is involved.

It is doubtful if noise—however nerve wracking—is actually potentially dangerous to the ears, although it may be the cause of temporary discomfort. But even this is worth guarding against by some adequate and medically approved form of ear protection.

Blast is another matter. Injury of a serious and even a permanent character can and frequently does result from the effects of heavy blast, which makes it seem even more advisable to adopt some form of protection both from noise and blast.

Stuffing things into the ears haphazardly will not do. Hygiene and comfort must be carefully studied. Your ears are sensitive organs and must be treated as such. Protect them, but in doing so remember that your ears can suffer just as much harm from clumsy remedies as your eyes might do from the use of unsuitable glasses. **E**

Individuality There is everything to be said for the personal touch. Charm is an individual thing and, if it were definable at all, might resolve itself into a series of comparatively trifling habits each giving an intimate, individual appeal to the person concerned.

The woman of character is, in the same way, difficult to analyse. She may be a charming conversationalist, lovely to look at, comforting to know, but her appeal cannot be attributed to either one of these leading factors, so much as to the composite effect of many little charms.

Individuality, that elusive something which makes you different from other women, is the secret of it all. It may come from some hidden fount of inspiration, it may be something carefully, thoughtfully, deliberately built up.

Your clothes, your voice, your walk and the very manner in which you smile are the things by which people remember you. Detail, in fact, is the core of it all, detail in dress, detail in conversation, in charm, in your home and in those little accents which lift you from the crowd. **F**

Make-up It took a long time to break down the belief that make-up was wicked. There was much prejudice and prudery to be overcome about the whole business of womanly charm. How we ever came squarely to face the fact that women enjoy the business of making themselves more attractive is not quite clear, but we can thank our stars that the admission was finally made.

From then on the make-up business really got going and one of the first traditions to go toppling down was that which claimed that cosmetics were harmful to the skin. "Ruinous," I think our grandmothers would have described it.

Perhaps they were not entirely wrong in their detail so far as the first cosmetics were concerned, but later, as science began to take more and more interest in the developing industry of beauty culture, things changed until there was no longer any doubt that, far from shunning cosmetics, a woman must make use of them to ensure a healthy and beautiful skin.

The old theory that Nature is best left to herself does not hold good under conditions which force us to live as Nature clearly intended that we should not live. If we lived naturally there would be less need for the artificial stimulus to health which medical science provides. But we don't, and so some kind of artificial stimulus to Nature's own work of maintenance and repair is essential.

In the sphere of feminine beauty, cosmetics and beauty preparations provide that need. They do far more than disguise physical defects; they help to eliminate them.

They must be chosen carefully to suit individual needs. Preparations that suit one skin may prove to be of very little value to another. Study your personal needs and the different advantages offered by various products. The important thing in choosing your cosmetics is to know what is available, what each is best capable of and which of them are applicable. **A, B, C, D**

A *Velouty de Dixor will help keep your skin in condition and to make it beautiful in the easiest way. It is a powder-cream which gives a rose petal bloom and can be had in any one of five shades to suit your type. In tubes from 4½d. to 3s. From all good druggists.*

B *Crème Simon M.A.T. is the foundation cream which actually combines with your skin to prevent shine and impart a smooth, matt finish. It is obtainable in jars at 6d., 1s. 3d. and 2s. 3d. In neat tubes also at 6d. and 1s. 6d.*

C *Among the Gladys Cooper preparations which have been known for years for their purity and efficacy, there is a Comedex Cream which is unsurpassed for removing blackheads and comedones (the little white heads which often blemish the skin). Massage the soft, sweet smelling cream into the face and press out the blackheads immediately after. Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.*

D *Sibsul Iodine Sulphur powder is a highly scientific preparation for the purification of the blood and the removal of skin disorders. Skin troubles are ninety per cent attributable to internal causes and it is only by correcting disorders of the blood that the skin can be effectively cleared for good. Sulphur in its ordinary form passes through the system uselessly. Sibsul gives you sulphur in a digestible form which clears the blood at once. Buy it from your chemist. Price 4s. 6d. a drum.*

E *Aurax ear plugs are scientifically designed—a plug for the left and one for the right ear. They are made of soft, pink hygienic rubber—the best for the job. They give every known protection from damaging noise and blast without impeding normal conversation. From any good chemist.*

F *Your own marking ink is an indelible stamp of originality. Melanyl is the original marking ink which requires no heat and which is harmless to all fabrics. A special metallic pen is given with every bottle and the cost of the outfit is 1s.*

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

FOOD FACTS

ON THE POTATO FRONT

POTATOES are home grown; we can eat as many as we like without using one inch of cargo space. Potatoes are good for us: they give us energy and bodily warmth and are what scientists call "protective" foods — that is, they help us to ward off infections. And remember — potatoes shouldn't always mean *boiled* potatoes. There's no end to the delicious ways in which they can be served.

Can you cook Potatoes?

Before you answer "Yes" just read quickly through these questions.

1. Do you always *scrub* your potatoes rather than peel them? (Nearly one-fifth of the value of the potato is lost if it's peeled.)
2. Do you conserve the goodness of your potatoes by baking or steaming them whenever possible? (If you haven't a steamer, a colander put over a pan of boiling water and covered with the pan lid will do.)
3. When boiling potatoes, do you boil them only for 10-15 minutes, then drain, cover with a cloth and the lid and then let them cook in their own steam for about 20 minutes, to keep them whole and floury?
4. Do you keep your baked potatoes nice and floury by bursting them gently when they are done, and returning them to the oven for a minute to let the steam escape?

Potato Salad

The golden rule about Potato Salad is "Mix warm and eat cold."

Steam some potatoes in their skins, peel and cut them into small chunks while still warm, add a finely chopped raw onion and whatever kind of salad dressing you like best. Mix these together thoroughly with a wooden spoon. When the salad is cold, add a good sprinkling of chopped parsley.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes

Large baked potatoes can be stuffed in a great variety of ways. Here are three suggestions:

1. Cut the potato in half lengthwise, scoop out most of the inside and mix in a basin with pepper and salt and about 2 ozs. of grated cheese. Pile the mixture into the potato cases, sprinkle the tops with a little more grated cheese and return to the oven to brown.
2. Mix the scooped-out potato with about 4 ozs. of cooked meat or fish, finely chopped. Season with salt and pepper, pile into the cases, sprinkle with chopped parsley and reheat in the oven.
3. Mix the scooped-out potato with any left-over cooked vegetables and serve as above.

Potato Pastry

There's no end to the things you can make out of potato. Try this recipe some time. You'll need:— 4 ozs. sieved, cooked potatoes, ½ teaspoonful salt, 8 ozs. plain flour, 3 ozs. cooking fat, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Sieve the flour with the baking powder and salt. Rub the fat into the flour, add the potato and rub in lightly. Mix to a very dry dough with a small quantity of cold water. Knead well with the fingers and roll out. This is delicious with either sweet or savoury dishes.

Cautionary Tale!

Those who have the will to win
Cook potatoes in their skin,
Knowing that the sight of peelings
Deeply hurts Lord Woolton's feelings.

Remember to turn on the wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

A Pearl Richer than all his Tribe

(*Continued from page 5*)

the mimosa is in flower, the mountains of the Estérel range are red and purple in the clear, sparkling air. But if the sun shines brilliantly on many—if not on all—days in winter, the nights are bitterly cold. The dreaded mistral blows down the Rhone valley. People with weak lungs who go to Nice and Monte Carlo to escape the winters of the north, are killed off like flies through venturing out too thinly clad. In summer the qualities of colour are absent from the Riviera. The sky is a metallic blue. The sun shines through a haze. The landscape is burnt and barren looking. The precocious spring flowers and vegetables have gone. There are blistering white streets and shuttered white houses and a glassy sea to dazzle and tire the eyes of northerners. And the hill-sides behind the towns are covered with dusty grey olive trees and burnt-up vines. The same climatic and scenic contrasts are found on the Italian Riviera. And in both the summer society is apt to be a little like that of Coney Island.

Since I returned from France I have seen more of England than I had known in the previous twenty years. The fascinating thing about England is that it does not change. Just as the growth of the railway prevented industrial England in Victorian times from spreading anywhere except around the coal-fields and the railways, and left the green heart of England untouched, so the growth of the motor industry and the craze for speed have resulted in the expansion of London and other large cities, and left the old rural England largely intact.

Recently I drove out from Birmingham through Warwickshire and the Shakespeare country. It is no wonder, I thought, that Americans exclaim at the beauties of our shires. Few English pilgrims, other than the small, fanatical and zealous clan of Shake-speareans, go to Stratford-on-Avon, in spite of the annual peace-time ballyhoo about the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. The place to remember Shakespeare in is not between the four walls of a theatre, however beautifully the elocution-trained boys and girls speak his lines, but in the fields and woods of Warwickshire, and in the graveyards of those little stone churches, with low, squat stone towers, which seem to have changed little in three centuries.

Then there is the Wye Valley. I have seen many French rivers, and there are few more beautiful. And I have been grateful for the size and under population of France which left so many lovely departments in the north-west and south-west untouched by modern industry or modern architecture. But in all France there is no river valley more lovely, more gracious and unspoilt than the valley of the Wye.

There is East Anglia, the hardy, much-neglected, East Anglia, with its rolling wheat-fields and copses and estuaries and glimpses of windmills and sails and the open sea; something of the French coast north of La Rochelle and something of the Channel coast around Cherbourg.

I will not speak of Cornwall and Devon and North Wales and the Cumberland and Westmorland lakes and dales, nor of those remote villages in the north of Scotland where the climate is so mild, I am told, that roses blossom all the year round, and you can picnic out of doors in mid-winter.

The point I would make is that England is there for the taking: the England to which our exiles and expatriates have at last returned, as their solitary refuge and sure citadel in a tottering world; that she is unchanged and unspoilt if you know how to find her; that the war and its surprising developments have made it unlikely that the British will settle down again in permanent colonies of leisured and moneyed paying guests in the pleasure resorts of Europe; that the common ordeal shared with their own people at home will engender a new feeling of pride and citizenship among many who knew little of the country from which they drew their dividends; and that there is a new industry which demands to be created: the industry of selling England to the English.

How is it to be done? We have ancient spas known since Roman times, thermal springs, medicina baths, known cures for arterial pressure, gout, rheumatism, obesity and the rest of our ills. Some of these spas are exploited in a leisurely, rather snobbish, and on the whole, inefficient manner. Some have never even been created, although buried among the forests and mountains of Wales, I am told, are several medicinal springs of great virtue and magnificent possibilities.

We have also river and lake and coastal resorts, unsurpassed natural scenery, a climate which is better than we admit it to be, lovely villages, beautiful cathedrals and ancient relics of feudal and Renaissance domestic architecture (if they survive the Luftwaffe). What we have not, so far as I know, is any school of coastal architecture which rivals the simple lines, utility and gay colour of the Provençal and Basque houses. I have been looking at a photograph of Bournemouth from Canford cliffs, taken by Mr. J. Dixon-Scott. It might have been one of the lovely views of l'Estaque painted over and over again by Cézanne. The wild pine is there on the cliff top, the sea is there and the far horizon. But where are those little red roofs and white façades which contrast so brilliantly with the rich green of trees and verdure in the landscapes of Cézanne, and in all the paintings of the Mediterranean cities?

Do not think that I would tear down the flint-built and thatched or slate-roofed cottages of our fishing villages and build Basque or Provençal houses in their stead. Where our coastal villages are true to their type, nothing could be more admirable. But most of our coastal resorts were built in the middle of last century, not as homes for fishermen, but as hotels and boarding houses and houses for retired business men, and the prevailing note is grey—grey stone and grey slate.

It may be that our coastal towns will have to be rebuilt and replanned after this war. Here is our chance to give England towns worthy of her sea and cliffs, as her villages are worthy of her woods and fields. So rich a pearl deserves a handsomer setting.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

conceived the idea that she would be allowed to remain in possession of the throne, sole mistress of a kingdom. But this was not so. In destroying Beorthric, she had destroyed the ground upon which she stood.

It is to be presumed that her beauty again came to her aid, for even then she was able to find supporters prepared to risk their lives in order to save her from the consequences of her wickedness. Certain among her lovers, still hypnotised by the spell of this enchantress, succeeded in smuggling her safely beyond the boundaries of the kingdom. But before fleeing, she had systematically despoiled the court of all the jewels and valuables she could lay hands on.

Well knowing how eager her admirers were to ensure her safety, she refused to leave until she had seen the last of the heavy coffers dispatched on its way.

Another woman, having brought about such a catastrophe, would have had the grace and prudence to retire into a life of seclusion, hoping to be forgotten. Not so Eadburga. She chose to climb still further, up to the summit of all ambition—namely, to approach the man who was then master of all Europe, Charlemagne.

With a retinue of maidens and slaves, decked with her treasure, she crossed the Channel and sent messengers to him to announce her arrival.

She did not pause to reflect that Charlemagne was already a much-married man, surrounded by mistresses who had been chosen from the most alluring beauties of France.

In proud confidence she entered the contest, aware of her powers.

A glance at the private life of Charlemagne is enough to convince us that he was a man for whom the attractions of a fresh face did not efface the charms of others. A former mistress had every chance of survival if she did not preclude the possibility of new additions to the imperial harem.

He was then about fifty-seven years old; still an extremely handsome man with a sweet benevolent expression which is noteworthy even in the imperfect portraits of him which still exist.

Eadburga, in the very flower of her womanhood, made an instant impression on Charlemagne who, aware of her past, was prepared to overlook it and loaded her with marks of favour and affection.

She was installed at court, and soon became through her charm and beauty a great favourite.

The freer style of French dress proved becoming to her, and she excited admiration wherever she went. She liked the licentious freedom of court life in this new country; it suited her temperament admirably.

Charlemagne had numerous children of all ages; some grown up, others still in the nursery. Those who were old enough to live officially at court were allowed incredible freedom of action. Not so much the males, who were more occupied with their military education and therefore had to live a fairly moderate life. But the girls knew no bounds of restriction from the time they were adolescent. In Eadburga they found a most suitable boon companion, ready to share in every orgy of their unbridled life.

In the meantime a most interesting situation arose. Eadburga was using all her seductive powers on Charlemagne, with some success; and one of his sons had fallen an amorous victim to her.

Filial respect withheld the latter from declaring his love; but the keen eyes of Eadburga soon perceived his plight. Hypersensitive to the admiration from this young man, she worked out a scheme which would enable her to continue to enjoy it. For a time she skilfully concealed it, owing to the pressing attentions of the Emperor. But he, too, it seems, had noticed his son's feelings for Eadburga. But she was inscrutable. In order to find out whether she preferred his son to himself, he proposed marriage to her, adding: "Unless you would prefer to be betrothed to my son?"

This time Eadburga's cunning did not prove as clever as usual. Thinking that the opportunity had fortunately arrived to solve her problem with unexpected simplicity, she answered bluntly that she would prefer to be betrothed to his son.

This was just the answer that Charlemagne feared she would give. His admiration for this woman had not yet reached the pitch of infatuation, and he loved his son too well to see him bound to a woman whose favours were as easily withdrawn as they were granted.

He said to her: "If you had chosen me, I would have tried to persuade you to transfer your affection to my son, whose age is so much more in harmony with your own; but as you have tried to captivate me merely in order to possess my son, you are fit for neither of us."

This was the first unpleasant reverse Eadburga had experienced. But there was

nothing she could do but accept the rebuff and its inevitable consequences. She bowed and retired to her apartments, trying to work out what lay in store for her.

Her position at court was made untenable by the incident, and Charlemagne lost no time in providing this royal adventuress with what he deemed a suitable position in another sphere.

It was customary at that time for rulers to grant the headship of nunneries to women of noble birth; and it often happened that they were chosen from among certain ladies who would be better out of the way.

They were not sent there to expiate their past by a life of religious piety. On the contrary, they were given free rein, and but for the high morals of the rest of the inmates, these holy places would soon have earned for themselves quite a different name.

It was as the head of a convent that Eadburga was placed by Charlemagne

Her exceptional learning was probably her only qualification, and it was certainly the only redeeming feature of such an appointment. But the teaching she could impart was unfavourably counterbalanced by the bad example she set in her mode of life.

Nature, like the leopard, does not change its spots; and the amorous disposition of this woman, born for a life of sensual ease and pleasure, soon found a way to open her cell to an ardent lover. This lover was a countryman of hers and their meetings were so scandalously frequent that, despite the eminence of her position, Eadburga's conduct was reported to the Emperor.

At that time a purification process on a large scale was being carried out among the convents and monasteries, and Eadburga was compelled to leave the abode which she had so misused for another world completely unknown to her.

Practically all her wealth had been dissipated, and for a time after she left the nunnery history is silent as to her whereabouts. Much later on, the thread is picked up again by a chronicler of the time, one Asser, who collected a few notes from English travellers who had seen her wandering, grey-haired and destitute, through the streets of Pavia after its conquest by Charlemagne.

She was reduced to beggary, and her sole companion was a young slave who remained with her until the end.

Here this brilliant unscrupulous woman, who only just missed becoming the daughter-in-law of the Emperor, disappears into oblivion.

Messalina did not survive Claudius. Eadburga killed her "Claudius" herself, and spent the rest of her life searching in vain for another like him.

Perhaps we have in the story of this woman's life the proof that there is no power without limits—not even the power of beauty.

END

Middle Sea

(*Continued from page* 17)

The Persians were greatly superior in numbers. Some accounts of the battle state that their fleet consisted of 2,000 vessels as against the Greeks' three hundred odd. But the Greeks had two advantages which, over and over again in maritime history, have put mere numerical weight to rout. They were more skilled in the handling of their ships; and they were free men.

As the Persians came thronging into the narrow channels between the island of Salamis and the mainland of Attica, they were met by an unexpected attack which soon threw their leading ships into confusion. The confusion grew. Soon they were fouling and ramming each other, while the Greeks, pressing home their advantage, battered at them and ran them ashore. A strong breeze, springing up from the sea, caused a heavy swell which increased the difficulties of the Persians, and the Great King, looking on from the "rocky brow" of Byron's poem, which still bears the name of Xerxes' Seat, had the mortification of witnessing the destruction of his (*Continued on page* 54)

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armada and the drowning of thousands of his seamen and soldiers.

ACT TWO—*Carthage.* The next great rivals to enter the stage are Rome and Carthage. Carthage was, of course, the most powerful of the Phœnician colonies; she had established herself in Sicily, and it was for the possession of that island that Rome's first Punic War was fought.

Now the Romans were first and foremost a military people. Of sea warfare they knew nothing. It was plain, however, that they must have a navy if they were to meet Carthage with success, so they set to work to build one, using as a model a Phœnician quinquereme which had been wrecked on the Italian coast. While the ships were being built, crews were being trained by means of rowing machines set up ashore, and in sixty days Rome's new navy was ready for sea.

If Rome was not built in a day, she was now to learn that a navy cannot be created in a couple of months. The Carthaginians, used to seamanship as they were, made mincemeat of the "young Roman Fleet" in its first engagement, and the Romans retired to lick their wounds and benefit from their lesson.

They now realised that they could not hope to beat the Carthaginian at his own game. Accordingly, they evolved a device which enabled them both to bring their greater numbers into play and also to employ their soldiery in a sea battle. This was the "corvus," or crow, so-called from its fancied resemblance to that bird, a kind of movable gangway which could be grappled to the deck of an opponent so as to enable the armed men to leap or march on board.

The invention proved immensely successful. It possessed, first and foremost, the element of surprise, always so valuable in any kind of warfare. The Carthaginians had hardly done wondering what these weird and wonderful contraptions might be before they found themselves grappled and boarded; and the result was their first defeat at the hands of the Roman Fleet.

When the freshness had worn off the invention, however, its effectiveness waned, and it was not until the Romans had built a large fleet of fast galleys, and improved the training of their crews, that they were finally able to break the Carthaginian power at sea.

ACT THREE—*Lepanto.* And now the actors throng thicker and faster upon the stage. Rome is fallen, and the Middle Sea is no more the Latin lake it was for centuries after Carthage fell. The Turkish galleys with their fierce hawk-nosed captains are raiding the coasts from Syria to Spain; they have established themselves in Rhodes, in Sicily, in the Balearic Isles. The Knights of Malta, under the leadership of their great Grand Master, La Valette, have beaten them off from their citadel, but at what a cost! Pisan Fleets have attacked Minorca, stronghold of the famous corsair Musa. But still the corsairs sweep the seas unhindered, carrying off into slavery Christian men to labour at the oar, Christian girls to adorn a Saracen harem.

The curtain rises on Act Three in the drama of the centuries. It is the day of Lepanto, 1471.

For centuries the republics of Genoa, of Pisa, and of Venice, have been waging war among themselves in their rivalry for the commercial supremacy of the Middle Sea. Now, at last, the common peril has welded them together, and their united fleets, commanded by Don John of Austria, natural son of the Emperor Charles V, have sailed forth to give battle to the Turkish Armada.

One of the great romantic figures of history is this Don John of Austria—the more so by contrast with his legitimate half-brother, that bitter fanatic, Philip II, husband of Mary of England. "The last knight of Europe," G. K. Chesterton has called him; who, "risen from a doubtful seat and half-attainted stall," rides out, "laughing in the brave beard curled," to fight the last Crusade.

It was on October 7 that the two fleets met, in the strait of Cephalonia which leads to the landlocked waters between the island of Cephalonia and the Gulf of Patras. The battle was fought in a calm sea, and, like most of the Mediterranean sea fights up to that time, was more a military engagement on floating platforms than a sea fight as the term is understood in modern times. For some time the result was in doubt. Andrea Doria, one of the Genoese house of Doria whose name still survives in the name of the fish John Dory, and whose sword, in the true Italian tradition, was generally at the service of the longest purse, fared ill in the battle, and through his faulty tactics the Algerine contingent of the Turkish Armada got clear away, to be a thorn in the flesh of Mediterranean commerce for many years to come. The net result of the conflict was, however, that the Turkish naval power was completely broken. On the Turkish side 20,000 men fell, while in the combined Christian navies the loss was only 8,000.

ACT FOUR—*Aboukir Bay.* Three centuries have rolled by. Spain's Fleet in its turn has met its Lepanto. The rolling, unwieldy floating castles, crammed with armour-clad fighting men, which had been developed through centuries of Mediterranean sea warfare, have met and been worsted by the skilled seamen and weatherly craft of the Northern seas. The Mediterranean has for long been free to the trade of all nations, though the Algerine pirates still ply their lawless trade among the merchant fleets, carry off their ships, plunder their cargoes, and hold their crews to ransom or sell them into bondage.

Gone now are the many-oared galleys, the ponderous galleasses, which with their banks of labouring rowers, their fluttering pennons, their flashing shields and breast plates, their golden crucifixes, their swelling silken standards, lent so vivid a colouring to the Mediterranean battles of old time. A beauty of a different kind has taken the place of all that medieval splendour—the beauty, never perhaps equalled between sea and sky before or since, of the ship under sail.

Seventeen ninety-eight—Bonaparte is in Egypt. "You are one of the wings of the Army of England," he has told his army there. He is dreaming of conquests which shall outshine Alexander's. He will attack Constantinople—perhaps march on India.

But he has reckoned without one thing—British sea power. One bright May morning of 1798 the French Fleet left Toulon for Egypt. By one of those seeming unlucky chances which, more than once during his career, Nelson transformed into victories, it slipped past his reconnoitring squadron, which a gale had driven for a time from its positions, and for some weeks was lost to sight.

For several anxious weeks Nelson's ships scoured the Mediterranean, and at last found the enemy moored in line of battle in Aboukir Bay—thirteen capital ships and four frigates, supported by guns mounted on Aboukir Island. In numbers the fleets were about equal, but the French had the heavier armament. The action began at sunset.

At ten minutes past ten, two hours after the engagement had started, the French flagship *L'Orient* blew up with a tremendous explosion. By half-past five in the morning, only two of the enemy's ships had their colours still flying.

Thus perished Napoleon's dream of becoming a second Alexander. Henceforth, for more than a century, the Middle Sea became once more a free highway for the commerce of all nations, and, with the coming of the Suez Canal, the main route to the East. With the twentieth century the troubled times have returned—and with them a new piracy, more merciless than the Algerine or the Moor—a new and even bolder attempt to make the Middle Sea once more the Latin lake it has not been for more than a thousand years.

The stage is set. The curtain rises on the greatest act of all.

END

She Fades Into the Wallpaper

(*Continued from page* 42)

If, on the other hand, you want a place in life's front row, you will have to get down to specialisation. Which is just a high-handed way of saying that you must make the best of your good points, without wasting time on the others.

The first things noticeable about a woman when she enters a crowded room is the grace and buoyancy of her walk, the freshness of her looks, her expression.

If her eyes are alight with interest and her mouth is ready to smile, it doesn't matter a brass farthing if her features look as though they have been haphazardly assembled after a village jumble sale.

Make up your mind right away to take an objective look at yourself. Give up all idea of looking as wonderful as Garbo, as gay as Gertrude Lawrence, and as magnetic as Ginger Rogers at one and the same time.

Each of them has impressed herself on you because her best points have been studied and stressed to the exclusion of everything else, and you have got to do the same thing for yourself. If your eyes are really lovely, sacrifice your other make-up to them. You cannot do everything to just one face, and the great thing is to know when to stop. Eye shadow, well-defined brows, curled and darkened lashes, vivid rouge and lipstick are too much of a good thing. The lightest possible touch of rouge, please, if you are making the most of your eyes. Or a delicate eye-make-up if your skin tones and your mouth are your greatest charm.

If your hair is really your crowning glory, go to all lengths to see that it remains so. Have it done by the best hairdresser you know, and never let anything part you from him. If you are a blonde, watch carefully for the first signs of fading. When the grey begins to stand out against the muddy background you are proclaiming to everybody that you cannot be bothered to do anything about it, for hair-tinting has now reached such a high stage of perfection that it is undetectable, and you can hardly have any moral objection to it if you use make-up at all.

Even if your teeth are not lovely, you can cultivate a radiant smile, leaving it to your dentist to see that the teeth are anyhow presentable. But if your mouth is the sort that makes every word you say seem exciting, if it is mobile and gentle in repose, then play around with lipsticks, changing them to suit your mood, and making sure that they always match your particular shade of nail varnish.

And many another has been saved from drabness, not necessarily by the shapeliness of her hands, but by the way in which she uses them. Here is another time when over-emphasis is fatal. Nothing is more irritating than the woman who constantly makes awkward and meaningless gestures. But nothing is more exquisitely expressive than the turn of a hand and wrist when it is used to convey a meaning too delicate for words.

So far as your nails are concerned, never try to compromise. If you are war-working and have to wear them short, use a light varnish, but if you can still please yourself and you like wearing a varnish that completely covers them except for a hair-line, let them grow long enough to form a perfect oval so that they will accent the slenderness of your fingers.

Most of all, use your mind and listen to your heart. It does not matter about not being clever. Indeed, it is far more often necessary to hide your cleverness than to show it. It does not matter if you are not beautiful. You will be remembered always if people can say of you "She is a most lovable woman. And she's grand fun."

Books

(*Continued from page* 20)

great men he has met reflects his nature and he never lets out in to those flashes of irritation he writes about. Golf does not overburden the book—it forms a background. And there is a section devoted to his hobby, the study of great murder trials. This is a round of sweetly played shots over perfect turf.

CONTRAST "Strange Lives of One Man" (Faber and Faber, 15s.), in which Ely Culbertson shows himself as restless as Darwin is peaceful. To any one who has met and talked with this strange man who bestrides the world of contract bridge, the book comes as an explanation long overdue. Half Russian, half Scottish-American, Culbertson spent all his early days in the Caucasus with his Cossack mother and engineer father. This was to me the most fascinating part of the book. It is a study of an introspective young man, with a bent for revolutionary ideas. He wanders to Mexico and back to Europe before finally settling in the United States.

In Paris, down to his last twenty francs, he broke the bank and won forty thousand francs at a card club, while he was outside the room having a fight. He spent it all, or gave it away, in forty-eight hours. The police turned him out of Belgium because he wanted to teach card playing. He struggled and worked in New York, all the time noting the science of cards and living on his earnings. There are a dozen complete plots in this man's life and all of them well written and gripping.

GEORGE SAVA has written several books, best known of which are probably "The Healing Knife" and "A Surgeon's Destiny." In "Twice Round the Clock" (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.) he brings his tale up to date. He is on war work. In twenty-four hours he lives an age working at his practice, the hospital, or in a shelter. But he finds time to philosophise lightly, to get engaged, to reminisce about his childhood, to go to a cocktail party, and wherever he goes and whatever he does, there is much to be learned and to be enjoyed.

I PUT down "Queen of Tears," by Jane Oliver (Collins, 15s.), a very much wiser man than when I picked it up. Beyond the fact that Charles I had a wife named Henrietta Maria, I had been normally ignorant of any details about her. This book put me wise in as pleasant a lesson as I have ever read—it is more like a novel than a biography. The fifteen-year-old French girl, who became Queen of England without knowing a word of the language, guided by a dragooning mother and backed by a powerful Church, develops into a good wife. True, she could do nothing right and her best efforts to help her husband always turned out his worst blows and led to his death. This book throws a new light on the much-written-about monarch, Charles, and on his son, for it does not end with the execution, but runs on through the planning and scheming on the Continent till Charles II is on the throne.

I HAVE left fiction to the end. "Quietly My Captain Waits" (Cassell, 9s. 6d.) is a tale of New France between 1691 and 1711, and the criminal way in which the French Government let their settlers struggle alone against the English, for which now, with Canada pouring out her wealth to our assistance, we should be duly grateful. The story tells of Mme. de Freneuse, a real character, and as befits those wild hard days, a great character. Miss Evelyn Eaton has delved well into her subject. The ceremony of blood brotherhood with the Indians, a siege in a forest clearing, a dance in Quebec, with all the ladies wearing the latest dresses just arrived in the supply ship from home, the intrigue at the French courts—all are described with a wealth of detail. It is an exciting story with an exciting heroine.

South Africa at (*Continued on page* 56)

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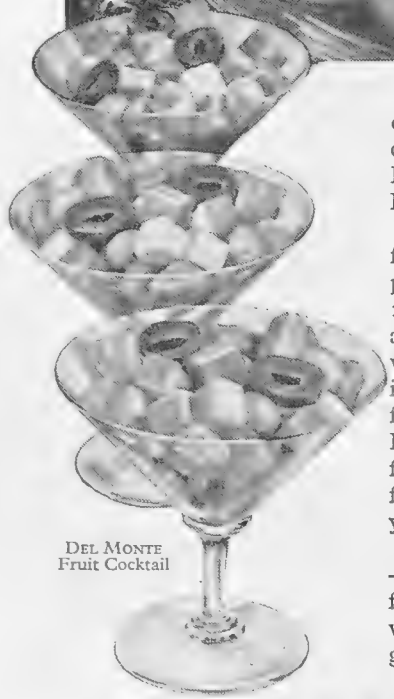

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CANNED FRUITS

U.K.634

the time of her growing prosperity, from 1850 onwards. A fine setting for a novel, and a fine novel to match it in "The Piping on the Wind," by Brigid Knight (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). The Hardings are a curious family with an unknown streak running through them, and a vague curse over them. Miss Knight tells of their adventures, matrimonial and otherwise, and those of their circle of acquaintances. This is lively writing and cheerfully strong as well; you feel you want to meet the characters, which, to my mind, is a good criterion or any novel. I hope we shall read a sequel.

I end with "Don't, Mr. Disraeli!" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.); because it falls into no particular class of book except possibly satire, as Groucho Marx might see it. But he would be much more subtle. Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon tell of a Victorian family with a feud with their immediate neighbours. They poke fun indiscriminately and rather obviously with footnotes galore to show the reader that they are being funny. The Marx brothers, Noel Coward and any one else who might not be opposite are dragged in to maintain the stream of anachronisms. The story hops like a lame sparrow tracing a crazy pattern, and I am afraid that I laughed at, rather than with, the authors.

END

Roses Round the Door (*Continued from page 19*)

perceive my point. Real roses fade and die. Imitation roses don't. Passion, like real roses, soon perishes. True love, like paper roses, lasts much longer. The three hundred paper roses which I have bought to dress my house inside and out, are not only gay and pleasing to a girl's eye. They are also symbolical of my lasting affection."

Sway Lim hissed with amusement, and the cockney bystanders giggled. "Amiable fool! All that you say with your similes of real roses and passion, and imitation roses and affection, is prettily put, and almost true. But only a fool would tell it to a girl. If you think any girl would prefer imitation roses and lasting affection to real roses and a brief passion, you are an even bigger fool than I thought."

"You are talking," said Cheng, "of most girls. You don't know Rosie."

"Nor, it is evident, do you." And with that Sway Lim went on with his walk, shaking with unheard laughter, and told all whom he met of the latest idiocy of Cheng Kang. The bystanders, watching the process of decoration, gradually thinned until only a little girl with a snub nose was left. After much concentrated watching she delivered her opinion on the matter.

"He's right, you know. It's just silly. Paper roses are only for Christmas. They're not things to give to your sweetheart. They might be all right for kids, but any grown-up girl would feel insulted—*I* can tell you that."

"Nevertheless," said Cheng, "I shall go on with the work. You see, it's an old Chinese custom—putting paper roses round your doors and windows and rooms when you entertain your friends."

ONE could not wonder—at any rate, nobody did wonder—that Cheng should have been smitten by Rosie, since Rosie was a rare item in the London scene. One can go about London all day for a week and seldom see a living creature. Millions of animated phantoms pass along, but only when one of the Rosies flashes by does one realise the meaning of being alive. Rosie was unmistakably alive, She was alive in eyes, fingers, brow, shoulders, and shoes, and in the electric frisk of her frock and her hair. Even when standing still she seemed to be dancing, and in movement she was a stream of golden rain. No wonder, then, that when she answered his humble and reverent invitation by saying "What next?" and then adding—well, perhaps she might; she'd see how she felt; it might be a bit of fun; no wonder he seemed to be knocked off the perch of life on which he had so precarious a footing. No wonder that he was apparently so bemused and distracted by those casual words that he went and bought three hundred paper roses to garnish his dwelling for her delight.

But Sway Lim was right. Cheng did not know his Rosie, or any other girl. And when the story, spread by Sway Lim, came to her that afternoon, she said, "What!" in such a tone that if Cheng had heard it, even his slow mind might have gathered that all was not well. Decorating the front of his house, in *her* honour, with *paper* roses! What next—insulting little wretch! What kind of a girl did he take her for? Those Chinese might treat their own women as offhand as they pleased, but he'd have to be taught that English girls aren't to be treated that cheap way. Buying a girl *paper* roses—when dozens of fellows were ready to give her real roses any day. Nice sort of supper she'd get if his idea of a welcome was to fill the house with paper roses—cardboard pies, probably, and wooden chickens, like a pantomime supper. Go to supper with that measly little fool?—like fun she would! . . . And a lot more things she said, and worse.

But Cheng was happy in knowing nothing of this, and he went about his preparations with idiotic care, and made such a mess of his cottage that no self-respecting charwoman would have gone near it. When he had, as he hoped, made a perfect setting for the jewel that was Rosie, he took his koto and filled the room and the street with love music.

The air he played was not a happy air. Love, for him (as he explained to a local lout who asked where the polecats were fighting), touched something higher than happiness. He thought of love as a comedy of stings and delights; stings that were sweet, and delight that was tinct with discontent. So his music went into the blue night, carrying in it the dolorous pace of the river, and the aching breath of the exile for the loss of something that was never possessed.

But it didn't trouble Rosie's ear. Like everybody else, she heard it, and like everybody else made blasphemous remarks about it—only stronger than theirs. She was sitting in a café with the favoured boy of the moment, who had money and could hardly, under Rosie's eyes, get it out fast enough.

Cheng, at the door of his cottage, went on playing. He explained, to hostile interviewers, that he was listening and waiting for a particular step. Through something like three hours he heard the clitter of many a girl's heels on the stone paving approaching Shanghai Street. But none of them had the vital ring of Rosie's rapid heels.

It was past midnight before he realised that Rosie was faithless. As the towers were tolling their message of the end of another and not-too-perfect day, he went to the door to give a final look-out for her. The little girl with the snub nose was passing, and he called a question: Had she seen anything of Miss Rosie? She had. She told him cheerfully where Rosie was and what she was doing.

He received her report with Chinese calm. But then, as though he were frantic with self-disgust, he began to tear down the roses round the window and the door, and to tear down the rest of the three hundred strung about the ground-floor room. Then he seemed to realise that if he merely tore them down they would still be lying around for himself and others to see. An ardent lover in such circumstances, would naturally want to be rid of them; to blot from his sight that evidence of misery and folly. Stamping them into the gutter would be no good, nor piling them into the ash-can. But there is a certain way of obliterating paper; so, at a quarter past midnight, careless of everything, he set about the job.

At eighteen minutes past midnight the dark hush of Limehouse was riddled in three separate places by a fusillade of yellow bells. Those who were about the streets or in the cafés told each other, with authority, that there must be a fire. In the café where Rosie was sitting, she and the rest of the company got up and went to the door, and reached it just as a young seaman went running past with news.

"Chinatown's on fire! Shanghai Street's all lit up. The whole damn street's lit up!"

And it was. In two seconds the café was empty, and the company raced down East India Dock Road, to the brightest fire they had seen for some time. Cheng Kang's attempt at destroying the paper roses that so bitterly mocked his wounded heart, had caught his own cottage, and a light wind had carried the flames from there to the three adjoining cottages. Two of these were empty, and from the third the people were able to get themselves and most of their goods away before the flames reached it.

Engines were streaking down the main road, but they had little chance of doing any work. The elementary history primers used in our elementary schools make such a splash of the Great Fire of London that the elementary minds of builders and surveyors seem to have assumed that that one fire exhausted London's efforts in that way. So, when they laid out the streets and by-ways, they did so in the bland assurance that there never could be another, and there was therefore no need to make them wide enough to admit a fire engine.

No engine could get into Shanghai Street. Engines ramped and jingled at the end of the street, and a hose was run down the whole length of it. There was no room for two hoses. By the time the one hose could get to work, the crowd was enjoying the spectacle of four cottages transformed into pillars and wreaths of flame that changed colour with every puff of wind and every fresh bit of material it consumed. Those dull, decrepit cottages went out in crimson, orange, yellow, purple, and white. The fool of Chinatown had provided many a laugh in his time, but his idiocy had never provided so good an entertainment as this; and when the roofs and walls finally folded up and fell, and what had been a first-class fire resolved itself into a black and wet and reeking morass, the crowd went home in a state of thrill and laughter.

Next morning those who hadn't seen it went to look at the ruins. All the young girls who knew the story continued to laugh, but one or two older women—old enough to be as youthfully sentimental as youth never is—pitied him. It was natural, after the way he had been treated, that he should want to get rid of the things that had caused Rosie to turn him down, and it was a shame that on top of her treatment, he should have brought this second calamity on himself. They hoped something would be done for him. Perhaps somebody would get up a subscription. If so, that Rosie ought to head the list, and stump up handsome. They sought him out, and while the young girls made a grinning half-circle about him, the older women condoled with him, and patted him, and told him to bear up.

He took the calamity with his usual stolid Chinese gravity, and when they said that something would probably be done for him, he said it was very kind of them.

Something *was* done for him. A week later he was sitting with Sway Lim. Sway Lim, who was in the middle of one of his bouts of teetotalism, was sententious. He always was when sober. "Well, well," he was saying, "the gods do as they will with us, and it is all for the best. We are bothered by business—chastised with paper roses—and purified by fire. Here," he said, handing over ten pounds, "is your share. You managed the affair very well. The insurance people paid on all four cottages without a word. Very soon we shall have another job for you—over at Woolwich. But I shall have to think of something new. We can't use paper roses twice."

END

The Greeks Meet

(*Continued from page* 9)

Next day Nicky walked into the lounge of the Savoy Grill at 1.15, ordered a tomato juice cocktail and sent for the head waiter. "Is Mr. Drinhounan lunching here to-day?"

The head waiter consulted his list. "He has reserved a table, Mr. Nicodemus; he is coming in now."

Nicky looked towards the swing doors and saw the Armenian merchant waddling through. He went forward to meet him. "Hallo, Joe, how are you feeling?"

"Not so good," the Armenian rubbed his forehead; he showed no surprise at seeing Nicky; the Savoy Grill was a usual lunch place for both of them.

"Who are you lunching with?" Nicky asked; he watched to see how the Armenian took this.

"A business friend," Joe said. "Gee, I feel awful! What would do me most good?"

"A glass of the stuff you had last night; they've got some here," Nicky suggested; he felt certain the Armenian remembered nothing of their conversation the night before.

"Champagne!" The Armenian made a face. "Say was that stuff we had last night all right?"

"Didn't do me any harm," Nicky looked at his watch. "My fellow is late."

"Here's mine coming in now," Joe said.

Looking towards the swing doors, Nicky saw a fair haired man coming in; he did not look English. Nicky had never seen him before.

"What's your friend's name, Joe; I've seen him somewhere?"

"Sveding; he's a Swede; got cattle interests in South America; the firm has had an office here for four years."

Nicky thought, they would plant the lay-out well in advance. He said, "What part of South America?"

"Brazil—Rio Grande."

Nicky knew that Rio Grande was the German part of Brazil. The fellow might have got in on a Brazilian passport, especially if he had meat to sell. He said to Joe, "I must go and telephone to find out if my guest is coming; see you later."

"Be seeing you," Joe said.

Nicky walked close by Joe's guest to get to the call box; as he passed the man he saw a pair of pale, colourless eyes, so common among North Prussians, looking at him. When he reached the telephone box he called his confidential secretary.

"Any reply from our Athens office to that cable I sent yesterday?"

"Yes, Mr. Nicodemus—just in."

"What does it say?"

After a short delay the confidential secretary came back to the phone. "O.K. Demos," he read out.

"Thanks," Nicky said. "Now listen; go to my desk, unlock the top right-hand drawer and take out the envelope containing the mail that came in from Athens two days ago. Bring the envelope to me here—the lounge of the Savoy Grill. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Nicodemus."

"And, wait a minute—there's something else I want you to do for me," Nicky gave further orders.

"Very good Mr. Nicodemus."

Having done this Nicky returned to the lounge outside the grill room; before sitting down he took a look through the glass panel and located Joe Drinhounan and his companion. The man calling himself Sveding was facing the entrance. Nicky studied his face with interest; he had never seen a spy before. He wondered what the man's origin was and what kind of character he had; he put his age at about thirty.

He made up his mind quickly on one point; there was nothing squalid about this German agent. His face was open, his expression frank; the lines of the forehead, nose and mouth had a quality of nobility. Now Nicky, who had hired and fired many people in his business life, knew that this quality of nobility was not often seen in men's faces. He tried to analyse (*Continued on page* 58)

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the things that went to make it; simplicity was one, calmness another, kindliness a third; whilst underlying all there was an impression of tremendous strength of character and unbreakable courage.

He wondered how "Sveding" had got into England. Had he passed through one of the ports on false papers? Had he been dropped? Or had he been planted in the country before the war?

Nicky looked at the clock, the time was now 1.35, his confidential secretary should be arriving shortly. He got up and took another peep through the glass panel, a waiter was serving a meat course to Joe Drinhounan and his companion. There was still plenty of time.

His confidential secretary came in carrying an envelope. A man in a blue suit was with the secretary.

"Sergeant Broad, sir," the secretary said.

"Sit down, sergeant," Nicky pointed to a chair. "Cigarette?" He offered his case. "All right," he said to his secretary, "I'll come into the office later this afternoon."

When the secretary had gone Nicky opened the envelope and took out a cable. "Now, sergeant, I'll tell you what I know. First I want you to look at this cable, or I should say transcript of a cable made from memory by my business partner in Athens. He may not have got it word for word, but the sense of the message is correct."

"Sent from Barcelona, sir," the officer said, looking at the office of origin.

"Originally sent from England; relayed from Barcelona," Nicky corrected. "You get up and look through the glass panel, you will see the man who sent it. He is wearing a brown suit sitting with his back to you at the table under the window. The young fair-haired man with him is staying in this country under the name Sveding. I want you to memorise his face, just in case. By the way can anybody get out the grill room without being stopped; any one you want to stop?"

"No, sir. I've got a man in the courtyard if they try the window."

"Good, then I'll go ahead. If I get into trouble intervene. Take the German and leave the other with me. I have got a special reason for asking for a free hand. Have you had lunch?"

"No, sir."

"All right, I'll tell them to bring you some sandwiches."

AFTER ordering the sandwiches Nicky went into the grill room, he walked across to Joe Drinhounan's table. "My fellow hasn't turned up. Can I join you?" he asked.

"If you like," the Armenian said ungraciously.

"How are you feeling now, Joe?" Nicky asked, sitting down.

"Terrible. I had dinner with him last night and I think he put something in the soup," Joe explained to Sveding.

The German looked at Nicky without smiling. Nicky met the calm, light-coloured eyes and then looked away again; he wondered if Sveding guessed what had happened.

"What's good to eat?" he asked, unfolding a napkin with his one hand.

"Nothing," Joe said, pouring himself a glass of vichy.

Nicky decided to get to business; it did not matter now.

"Got your monkey, Joe?"

"My vat?"

"Your monkey—your five hundred quid you said you were going to get from this gentleman for helping him with a bit of business." Nicky turned to Sveding. The German's face was immobile, his hands rested on the table, the fingers perfectly still.

"I don't know vat you are talking about," Joe said surlily.

"You mean you did not know what you were talking about last night. Or did you?"

Nicky watched the Armenian's eyes and saw fear. He leaned forward quickly, pushed his hand inside Joe's jacket and pulled out a pocket note-case. "Let's take a look."

"Give me that," the Armenian said, savagely grabbing for the note-case.

"Easy, Joe. Why, here it all is." Nicky held the case open. "Ten fifty pound notes. That's a lot of money for sending a cable, Joe."

Sveding got up.

"Sit down," Nicky ordered.

The German remained standing.

Nicky looked up at him. "You have one chance left. If you sit down I'll tell you about it," he said quietly.

Sveding sat down.

"Give me that." The Armenian reached out again for the note-case. Nicky knocked his hand down with his only arm. "If you make a scene the waiters will come round," he said. "Sit still and listen."

"Do as he says," Sveding said.

Nicky leaned forward and spoke quietly. "Now this is your chance," he said to Sveding. "I know what you are doing, and I know who you are. My firm in Athens have secured copies of cables that have been sent to Drinhounan & Co., via Barcelona. There is one." He threw the copy of the cable his secretary had brought on the table.

Sveding picked it up and read it.

"There are ways of proving exactly what that cable means. I think you know those ways," Nicky said.

Sveding did not answer.

"And there are ways of proving that you are operating in this country under the cipher number ZI. Your passport can be checked for one thing." Nicky continued, "Now this is where your chance comes in. You are a pretty good agent; you must be if they give you five hundred pounds at a time to spend on sending a cable. The information you send must be worth ten times that, and it shows they trust your information."

The German still said nothing.

"Now you are going to send a cable for me," Nicky said, "and the same method is going to be used that was used for the other cable. In that way we shall know this cable will reach the right quarter. I can't promise you won't be arrested. This place is surrounded now, but if you do what I want I will promise that the fact shall be brought out at your trial, and I think it very likely that your action shall be taken into consideration when sentence is pronounced."

"The cable you want me to send will contain news that is false," the German spoke for the first time.

"You may think it false," Nicky said, looking at the fine lines of Sveding's face. There was no doubt now of the quality of the man.

"Then naturally I shall not send it," Sveding answered.

Nicky got up.

"Nicky! Nicky! Don't call the police!" The Armenian clutched his arm. "I will send the cable. I know the people in Barcelona that will send it on to Athens. Listen, Nicky, I have the code."

Sveding jumped to his feet; his colourless eyes had no expression in them as he looked down at the Armenian.

"You!" he began.

Nicky's single powerful hand gripped the German's wrist, clamping his fingers against the gun in his pocket.

"What's the trouble here?" A big man in a blue suit came up.

"This gentleman has a gun in his pocket; he is trying to draw it." Nicky kept his grip on Sveding's hand.

Sergeant Broad jerked the German's hand from his pocket and removed the gun. "You come along with me. What about this man?" he asked Nicky, pointing to Joe.

"Will you leave him with me, sergeant. I'll see that he is all right." Nicky winked.

"Very good, sir. I'll take his name and address and yours."

"WE are going back to your office now, Joe," Nicky said when they were alone. Don't try to be clever; two plain clothes men will be keeping us in sight.

The Armenian was in a mental mess. "Nicky—vi do you do this to me?"

"Do what, Joe? I'm only asking you to send a cable."

"I'll send a cable. I'll do anything you want, Nicky."

"Come along then."

This was the cable Joe Drinhounan sent in code to Athens via Barcelona without let or hindrance.

ZI/B/9

All attempts to demoralise British civil population by air attack complete failure. Armament production increasing rapidly. Defences impregnable. My considered opinion is that Germany has lost the war. Advise try to cut losses. This is my last message. Impossible evade arrest. Death sentence certain. Heil Hitler.

Nicky read it through *en clair* a couple of times. "They will believe that," he said, "coming from ZI. They trust his stuff. Anyway it's true. It will be better for your health if you code it right," he said to Joe. "They will know whether you have, in Athens."

"I've coded it right, Nicky—I promith," Joe said, when the cable had been dispatched. "Vill they let me go?"

"No, Joe, they won't let you go." Nicky went to the door and called in the men outside.

* * *

After several days Nicky's telephone rang. On lifting the receiver he got the message he had been waiting for.

"When?" he asked.

"This morning."

"Both?"

"Yes; the Jerry took it well."

Nicky got up and walked to the window; the day was grey as the dawn had been. He thought about a cable that had been dispatched, and which now could never be contradicted by the senders.

END

Check Up (*Continued from page* 35)

couple of tablets of hexamine dissolved in a little water.

To improve your appearance and help conceal the bags, touch in skinfood round the eyes and lie down with crescent-shaped gauze pads soaked in witch hazel over them for twenty minutes. Witch hazel will draw out shadows and pouchings unless they are very bad, but you must put on the skinfood, or it will prove too drying.

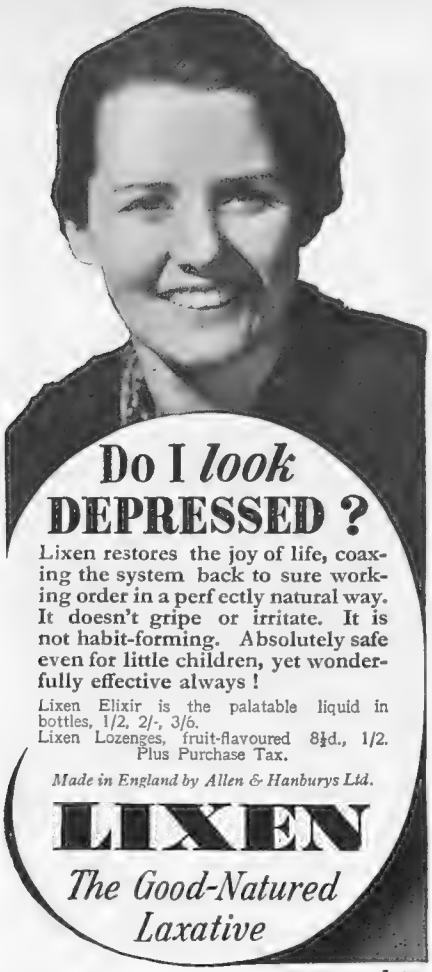
Slappings are the only treatment for double chins, and that age-old never-to-be-bettered exercise of keeping a feather in the air just above your nose by blowing it. This brings every contour muscle into play.

A massage with hot oils will be necessary to restore your throat once it grows thin and drawn. But this calamity can be largely staved off by a diet which supplies the requisite vitamins, that is, by salad and olive oil.

If you are run down, have been ill or passing under a period of strain, then make for a salon treatment to steer your appearance generally for recuperation. Helena Rubinstein and Elizabeth Arden have their beauty experts working in all the large towns now.

They will diagnose what is lacking or at fault in your skin, administer correction and set the repairs either with an intra-cellular mask—in the case of Elizabeth Arden; or an oxygenation—in the case of Rubinstein. The first operates by means of electricity, the second employs oxygen. Either claims with truth that it rejuvenates and affords an insurance against anything going wrong with your good looks for a long, long time.

END



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THE BEST CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD

On Duty—and Off (*Continued from page 43*)

On Duty

particular eau-de-Cologne is now being made in an English factory and so should be fairly easy to come by.

I am so glad that Helena Rubinstein has opened up again in Berkeley Square after being "blitzed" out of Grafton Street. This time they are on the ground floor of a steel and concrete building with an underground shelter. So they should be as safe as houses, or to be more exact, a great deal safer than most houses.

The Rubinstein herbal eye pads I find are an exceedingly useful war beauty treatment. You steep the pack for a few seconds in boiling water and squeeze out the excess water. As soon as the pack becomes comfortably warm you place it on the eyes. As it cools it is put back in water and wrung out again. The treatment should last for ten minutes or longer and after use the pack is hung out to dry and can be used again for two or three more treatments.

Next time you knit socks, scarves or helmets for the Services I dare you to carry out the same experiment that I did with the last pair of socks I knitted. Enclose a self-addressed postcard and write on it a list of the questions that you want answered. Here is a copy of the one I sent and you will notice that it is filled up in the same way as the Army postcard. That is, the lines that do not apply are pencilled through.

Thank you very much for the socks.
They are perfect.
They are too long.
They are too short.
They are just right.
I like wide ribs. (Not tested.)
I prefer narrow ribs. (Not tested.)
I like the wool you use.

Signed.....

A card which might well be sent out with comforts for H.M. Forces might read something like this :

1. If sent I will wear a Balaclava helmet.
2. For goodness' sake don't send :
   (*a*) a Balaclava helmet
   (*b*) a body belt
   (*c*) mittens
3. The scarf is :
   (*a*) too long
   (*b*) too short
   (*c*) too wide
   (*d*) too narrow
   (*e*) just right
4. The gloves are :
   (*a*) just right
   (*b*) the thumbs are too long
   (*c*) the thumbs are too short

Off Duty

continue my search for sock wool. At the end of an arcade I found the wool shop which at one time used to be our old friend Head's in Sloane Street and although there was no silk and wool mixture at least I did find some excellent grey and blue three-ply, non-shrink sock wool, eight ounces for 5s. 4d. Now I am in a quandary because I cannot make up my mind whether to use my find for one pair of stockings knitted for self, or two pairs of socks knitted for friend with small feet, or one pair of socks knitted for friend with large feet, with two ounces left over for goodness knows what.

There is something very charming about men when they try and interest themselves in various housekeeping problems. Mine said to me the other day, "Darling, there is no reason why you should trouble yourself to order elaborate meals in wartime. Don't bother with soup or fish. Just give me an egg and I'll be perfectly happy."

I decided that he was old enough to know about the facts of life and so I explained the egg situation as delicately as I possibly could. Fortunately, our cook has two specialities which are even more popular than the usual egg dish. One is a macaroni dish and the second is a rice dish. When our cook serves rice it is a very different affair from the sodden mass dished up by the average English cook. She puts a little lemon in the water and boils the rice for twenty minutes over a sharp heat. When the rice is boiled she puts it in a colander and washes it under a tap first with hot water and then with cold water. After this the rice is allowed to dry on the oven rack. The result is that when it is eaten the grains are well cooked but separate. For this particular dish she adds grated cheese, plenty of sultanas, chopped almonds and shredded bacon. They are all put together in the frying pan with the cooked rice and a little margarine and salt, served piping hot. The macaroni dish is a great favourite and the macaroni is also cooked so that it is as near dry as maybe instead of soft and soggy. When cooked it is chopped into pieces about an inch long, put into the frying pan together with grated Cheddar cheese, tomato ketchup, chopped almonds, fried bacon and they are all mixed together with salt and pepper and a little margarine. This dish must also, of course, be served up piping hot.

END

Training the Fighter Pilots (*Continued from page 25*)

And most people seem to think that the training of such pilots is now being done exclusively three or four thousand safe miles away across the Atlantic under the Empire training scheme.

Not at all. Dorniers may sneak across the English countryside, Junkers may dive-bomb, for the fun of it, Messerschmitts may play their own dirty form of tip and run, but the Royal Air Force proceeds with its training plans quite undisturbed. When the war is over, there may be some strange tales to be told—of pupil-pilots looking over their shoulders to find a Nazi fighter chasing them—but in the meantime young men of spirit and daring are learning their job in what is now Britain's front line.

This squadron leader had his eye at the moment on eight pupils of this intermediate flying school.

I had seen them and others in a classroom that morning. Their ages were, on the average, between twenty and twenty-three. Their temporary rank was that of a leading aircraftman. Their professions a few months ago were varied : film salesman, farmer, repertory actor, plumber, accountant, market research expert, professional cricketer, newspaper reporter, camera man and school. The word "school" occurred often, usually followed by an entry in the age column of "19¾ years," or "18½."

Eight of these (split into two sections) were for the moment the chief interest in life of the squadron leader, who was also the assistant of the influential C.F.I. (which letters stand for Chief Flying Instructor).

They had arrived a few days before from their elementary flying training school, to which they had been posted from the first of their schools, where they had learned how to knees bend, arms stretch, head right bend and things like that; how to salute, whom to salute, when to salute and how to march.

Then in the next school they had done actual flying. For, mind you, these young fellows were really out to be pilots and nothing else but pilots. Not for them the leisurely theoretical lectures of peace time, the hours whiled away with such subjects as dynamics and the science of airframe construction. They had joined the R.A.F. to fly, and they had arrived at this particular training school with the official assurance that they could at least do that; that they could do a circuit on a biplane ; that they knew what it was to sit in a Link trainer; that they had an elementary understanding of the code of behaviour by which their new service was conducted.

Early that morning they had paddled out into the mud for the start of their day. There was physical training to be done, and breakfast to be eaten. There was an inspection to be gone through. And then the start of the new sort of day which was to turn them from callow boys in the cockpits of "Moths" to men likely to handle "Spitfires" and "Hurricanes" with dash and assurance.

First of all, the lectures; but not too many.

The Royal Air Force is wise in not trying to cram too much into its newcomers' heads. I went into a classroom. A sergeant was dictating something about aero engines. There was a blackboard behind him. Now and then he would break off from his dictation to relate a personal experience. He was, in fact, an old hand at the game who had been recalled from civilian life for the job of lecturing. Once he said : "As you will presently see on the moving picture screen . . ." and a dozen heads turned over their shoulders hopefully to the talking picture apparatus at the back of the hut. But it was a false hope. The fun of watching it in pictures instead of having to write it down was yet to come.

These young fellows, destined to be either pilot officers, flight sergeants (or civilians again) in a few weeks, were not really being crammed despite the ominous curricula. Their lecture subjects were :—

Navigation	Meteorology
Armaments	Airframe work
Signals	Engines
Airmanship	Maintenance

But the main idea was to give them just enough information to enable them to deal with their machines intelligently. Why bother a jockey with the details of iron and steel making merely because he may find his mount with a loose horseshoe?

The lectures begin at nine o'clock in the morning, and go on to 12.15 p.m. They are under the control of the Chief Ground Instructor. And the best of the ground moments for men keen on their job are those spent in the Link trainer.

This particular school is not fitted with those elaborate and rather spectacular dioramas of the English countryside which many of the pupils already know. The climax of their Link-training here is a "blind approach." The pilot-to-be sits locked from sight in the dummy Link cockpit, (balanced on big bellows, the whole purring like a vacuum cleaner). A young flying officer instructor at a nearby desk speaks words of reproach or encouragement into a mike in his hand. Across the glass top of his desk wanders a track-marker, looking like a combination of a planchette and an electric iron.

"Oh, no, no, no," says the instructor, before giving the invisible pupil further instructions in a code prefaced by the letter "Q."

He points out to me a central mark on the chart beneath the glass. That is the direction finding clue to the blind approach. The little inked-wheel under the marker wobbles towards the D.F. circle. On the instructor's desk are duplicate altitude and speed dials of those before the pupil locked in the trainer, "flying" by the compass.

"There we are," says the instructor, as the wheel teeters over the D.F. circle. "Now he must go all the way back here and pick up this central line and follow it to his landing. He should do that absolutely directly at 110 m.p.h. and it should take him about four minutes."

To most of the pilots-of-tomorrow this is interesting but marking time. The ground work occupies half their working day. But the real job is flying, to which the other half is devoted.

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The squadron leader to whom I was talking in the mud was one of the flying instructors, some of them sergeants, others flying officers and flight lieutenants. They have an average of eight pupils each, four at a time. Promptly at 1.45 p.m. the pupils report at their respective flight on the edge of the great field. Here are the machines, and the tents where they receive their instructions, corrections and sign the authorisation book, which is the official record of the work done in the air.

These are tremendous moments for the beginner. He is about to take up his first monoplane, and on his performance in the first few days may really depend whether or not he is made an officer, a sergeant, or just a civilian again. This is a stern business. If a man is backward in flying sense, there is no time nowadays to nurse him. He is going to be a fighter pilot—or nothing.

"Let me see now," says the squadron leader, "you, Smith, you've had your cockpit drill, haven't you? Yes, well, come on . . . we'll take 7045."

Cockpit drill is the method by which the pupil is made spontaneously familiar with the various controls.

"I notice that you call them 'machines,'" I said. "You don't use any of the old R.F.C. slang?"

"No," said the squadron leader seriously. "We call them 'machines' or just 'aircraft.'"

But twenty minutes later he was referring, I noticed, to an obsolete type as a "ropy crate"; the Royal Air Force guards its jargon jealously.

Pupil and instructor crawled into the bright yellow "Harvard" and in a few seconds, with an ear-splitting roar unique in modern navigation, the American machine was shooting across the field and into the air. Five minutes later it was down again.

The instructor climbed out of the machine.

"Circuits and bumps," he muttered. "Circuits and bumps. And then aerobatics. Look!"

Up in the distance a machine was turning over lazily in a loop. A little way across three machines were coming down in flight formation. There were perhaps twenty machines in the air at the moment. A mechanic was ballasting the instructor's back seat for a solo flight by a pupil. The whole affair had the atmosphere of a club rather than a parade ground.

"After we have finished with them here," said the squadron leader, "they go on to modern fighter aircraft. Either as pilot officers or sergeants. We don't deal with navigators or observers. We're the 'Hurricane' and 'Spitfire' school."

"What's that there, sir?" asked a fresh-faced boy in the group.

The squadron leader looked skywards.

"Umph," he said.

A few seconds passed. "Isn't it a 'Defiant,' sir?" asked another.

"I think it is," said the squadron leader. "Don't know what it is doing around here."

Rain was falling by now, with a low ceiling. The slender machine swept down. Presently a trousered figure crawled out of the cockpit.

"I say," said someone. "Isn't that a woman?"

"Don't you bother your head about that," said the squadron leader. "It's an A.T.A. girl, as a matter of fact. Probably come down because it looks rather like a dirty evening . . . your job, however, is right here. . . ."

But he kept his eyes on the aircraft, and the "Spitfire" and "Hurricane" which happened to be ranged in the background.

"Don't they *look* like fighters?" he said quietly.

Then remembered that he was a schoolmaster again. On his judgment rests the future of fighter squadrons yet unnumbered.

"Yes," he said, "I think training on a good muddy field like this teaches a fellow a lot. Of course, in peace time it's nice to have it all as smooth as a billiard table. But you never know what sort of a field you'll have in war. A fellow who gets his wings in weather like this is worth his salt."

END

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Love Can Be Wonderful (*Continued from page 15*)

At midnight I got out of the evening frock and put on a little black suit, packed all the rest of my new clothes—I thought I'd stick to them anyway—and having done all this I went along and rang the doorbell of Justin's apartment.

He opened the door himself. He was smoking a cigarette and when I tell you that his smile was just as tender, just as affectionate as ever, you'll realise that maybe I wasn't quite so nutty to be stuck on him. I said :

"Justin, I want to talk to you. I want to talk to you for exactly fifteen minutes, after which you're probably going to kick me out, but when you do kick me out I shall feel a very much better woman than I do at the present moment. Please don't laugh."

He said, "My dearest, I don't feel a bit like laughing. I've been worrying too much about you. Come in. And why have you changed into that suit?"

"For an excellent reason, Justin," I said. "When I've finished talking to you, I'm going."

He led the way into the sitting-room. He was still smiling.

"No, you're not, sweet," he said. "Sit down."

HE rang the service bell and told them to send up a pot of really strong tea, which shows you that Justin definitely knows something about women. When the tea arrived and I was comfortably settled in the corner of the big settee, with a cigarette, he said :

"All right, Vilma. Now go ahead. Let's know all about it."

I gave him the works. I carefully prised open the whole bag of tricks. I told him all about me, all about Carlos, how we'd planned to take him. I told him *everything*. When I'd finished I said :

"Now, what are you going to do, Justin? Are you going to be nice and just tell me to get out or are you going to telephone for the police?"

He said, "I'm not going to do either of those things."

He came over to me, took me by the shoulders and gave me one of the most intense kisses I have ever had in my life. When he pushed me back into the corner of the settee I was gasping. He went back to his chair, sat down. He lit a fresh cigarette slowly. When he looked at me he was grinning like a schoolboy. He said :

"Now look, Vilma, listen to me very carefully. I think you're a very clever woman, and I think Carlos has a certain amount of brains too, but there was just one little point that you overlooked. Neither of you realised that a man doesn't get the sort of job I'm doing because he's a complete and utter fool. I'm going to give you a surprise. I knew all about you and all about Carlos. I've had women try to get at me before, in Canada and the States, for all sorts of purposes, usually because they'd been put in to find out something about the job I was on at the time. So I always make it my business to find out something about very charming and attractive strangers who cross my path."

I gulped. I said : "Oh dear!"

He went on. "But that doesn't matter. There's only one thing that does matter."

I asked him what it was. He said :

"The only thing that matters to me is that you came in here to-night and, off your own bat, told me the whole truth. You knew when you did it that you were damning yourself in my eyes. You must have thought that the best thing that could happen to you was for me to tell you to get out. In other words you've proved definitely to me that you are very fond of me. You were prepared to make an enemy of Carlos, to leave here and go back to the Bayswater *ménage*, simply in order to protect me. That," said Justin, "is the only thing that matters to me."

I asked why.

"Because, my dear delightful brat," said he, "I'm going to marry you."

I sat back in the corner of the settee, looking at him with eyes that felt as if they wanted to pop out of their sockets. My mouth opened but no words came out.

He said, "You've got lovely teeth, haven't you, Vilma?"

I made gasping noises. I couldn't speak. He said :

"That's just how it is." He lit another cigarette. "You see," he went on, "Carlos made a mistake. His information about me was pretty good, I must say. But he slipped up on one point about my wife.

"You know," Justin continued, "she and I haven't been friends for years, and she refused to consider any sort of divorce. But luckily for me two months before I left Canada she fell with a bump for some man she met and we arranged a quiet divorce. She's an American and her suit in New York will be recognised in Canada." He grinned. "I shall be a free man in a month's time, Vilma," he said, "and then you'll be Mrs. Justin McCall. And how do you like that?"

He came over to me and took me in his arms. I didn't say anything. There wasn't anything to say, was there?

A quarter of an hour afterwards my brain began to work. I said :

"Look here, Justin, there's one thing that's worrying me terribly."

He asked what it was.

"Carlos," I said. "It's not going to be very nice for you to be married to me and to have Carlos running around telling his friends that your wife was rather a cheap crook that he put in to take you for twenty thousand, is it? Have you thought of that angle?"

He held up his hand.

"I wish you'd leave these things to me, sweet," he said.

He went over to the sideboard and poured a little glass of brandy. He held the glass up to the light and stood looking through the amber coloured liquid. Then he drank it with relish.

"I've been thinking about Carlos," he said. "I don't think I like Carlos very much, and I agree with you that his mouth has got to be stopped. I'll tell you how I'm going to do it."

I sat there all ears. I was just beginning to realise that Justin was *clever*, but really clever—a different sort of cleverness to the cheap, meretricious scheming of Carlos. Justin turned back to the sideboard and put the glass down.

"Carlos will be here at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning, and he will state that the best thing for all purposes is for me to give him twenty thousand pounds, and that he will then go away and I shan't be worried any more. I propose," he went on "to give it to him. I shall give him an open cheque payable to bearer. I have large funds at my disposal in several banks here. He will take the cheque along to the bank and cash it. I shall arrange that when he goes into the bank he's identified." He came over to me and stood looking down at me. "You see, my dear," he said, "I want you to remember that you came into this job as Carlos's partner. I'm not going to allow you to let him down. He's going to have his twenty thousand. But having had it, if ever he crosses our path again, God help him.

"Now, it's much too late for you to be here. You've got to start a new sort of life from now on. You're going to be the sort of woman who's going to be Mrs. Justin McCall. Go back to your apartment and sleep. Oh, by the way," he went on, "there's something I want you to do for me."

He went over to the bureau in the corner, came back. He held a hundred pound note in his fingers.

"I want you to get rid of all those clothes and things," he said, "that Carlos staked you to. I want you to get yourself some new things and a very swell dinner frock. I don't want to see you again until to-morrow night. I want you to dine with me at the Savoy. I'll be waiting for you in the vestibule. You and I are going to start all over again."

He folded up the banknote with long strong fingers and slipped it into the neck of my shirt blouse. Then he kissed me on the lips.

"Good night, honey," he said.

I woke up the next morning at eleven-thirty, sat up in bed and proceeded to do a little quiet thinking.

I was trying to think of some way in which I could prove to Justin how mad I was about him. I got an idea. I thought it out this way : I imagined that when Carlos had had his interview with Justin at eleven o'clock, the conversation would be kept to the business in hand. Justin would give Carlos the twenty thousand pounds, but it was a certainty that he wouldn't discuss me.

In other words, if I got busy quickly, I could collect my ten thousand from Carlos and hand it back to Justin. Anyhow I thought there'd be no harm in trying. So I rang through to Carlos. Directly I heard him I knew I was right.

"Well, honey," he said, "it's come off. That big mug gave me an open cheque for twenty thousand. I walked straight round to the bank and cashed it, and there we are. Any time you like to come round here you can collect your ten thousand, less the three hundred I advanced."

I was round at Carlos's place in half an hour, and a quarter of an hour after that, having put my nine thousand, seven hundred pounds in a stout envelope, I drove back to Parkside Apartments, rang the bell of Justin's flat, pushed the packet into his hand when he opened the door, said all girlishly, "I'll see you to-night, darling," and ran back to my apartment.

I HAD my hair done again that afternoon in a new way. I thought it even better than my old style. I bought a really marvellous frock. At six-thirty punctually I walked into the foyer of the Savoy. I looked round. There was no sign of Justin.

But Carlos was sitting at a table finishing a brandy and soda. He looked just like the wreck of the *Hesperus*. When he saw me he came over to me and said :

"Just sit down quietly at a table. I want to talk to you."

I started to say something, but Carlos said, "Shut up!" in such an ominous tone of voice that I obeyed immediately.

We sat down at one of the tables in the lounge. Carlos took out his cigarette case and lit a cigarette. I noticed his fingers were trembling. He said :

"Now listen to me, baby. You and I have got to get out of here and quickly. I don't know where you're going to but I think that the wilds of Scotland are going to be the healthiest place I can think of for a bit."

I pulled myself together. I said :

"Carlos, exactly what does this mean?"

"This is what it means," said Carlos. "This afternoon, after I'd seen you and given you that dough, I had a telephone call from McCall. He told me that when I called to see him this morning to collect that money, he had two men from his lawyer's office in the next room on the end of a dictaphone. He said I could either hand back the money or he'd send for a policeman." Carlos sighed heavily. "He meant it too," he said.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What could I do?" he went on. "I gave him back the ten thousand. I told him you'd had your half. He said that was all right; you'd already cashed in. Is that right?"

I nodded weakly.

"Then I went back to my flat," said Carlos. "When I arrived there was a cable waiting for me. It was from my pal in Canada, the man who gave me the original dope about McCall. Read it."

He handed me the cable. It read :

Justin McCall has not yet left Canada. Have just discovered the guy I put you on to in error is Willie Mack a con man who is going to front as McCall in London and pull some funny business, be careful.

I put the cable back on the table. I said :

"My god, what do you know about that? And I thought I was in love with that guy."

Under the table my knees were almost knocking together with rage.

"All right," said Carlos. "Well, we're the mugs, that's all. We've been taken, but I'm getting out of here quick."

I said, "What's the idea? What's all this business about running away?"

Carlos looked at me.

"Don't be a fool, honey," he said. "Don't you realise what we've done? We've cashed a forged cheque drawn by this fellow Mack, and the bank have paid it out of one of the real Justin McCall accounts. That makes you and me accessories to forgery before and after. Haven't you got that, stupid?"

I said, "I've got it." I gulped a little. "Can I have a brandy and soda, Carlos," I asked, "before I go back to Bayswater?"

He said, "Yes, but it's to be a small one."

Well, that's that. Love can be wonderful, can't it?

END

Pants and Jersey

(Illustrated on pages 44-45)

MATERIALS

7 oz. 3-ply baby wool; 1 pair of No. 10 knitting needles; 4 buttons; elastic for waist.

MEASUREMENTS

Jersey: Round chest, 24 ins.; length, 14½ ins.; sleeve seam, 10½ ins. (cuff back).

Trousers: Back seam, 12 ins.; front seam, 11 ins.; width all round, 24 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

JERSEY

Cast on 95 sts. Work the following patt.:

1st row (right side of work).—* k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 1.

2nd row.—P. 1; k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, * p. 2, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Rep. these 2 rows until there are 10½ ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 71 sts. Work straight until armholes measure 5½ ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of every row 6 times, leaving 23 sts. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back until it is time to shape armholes. Then work 46 sts. K. 2 tog. (centre). Leave other 47 sts. on holder until later and k. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row, keeping other edge straight, until there are 12 decreases made and 35 sts. Work straight until armholes are 4 ins. round curve. K. 2 tog. on neck edge on every row until there are 24 sts. Work 6 rows to make armholes 5½ ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at outside edge on every other row 3 times. Work other side to correspond. Pick up 34 sts. down left side of front opening, not on extreme edge but half an inch away, and work m.st. for 4 rows. Now work buttonholes as follows: * Work 6 sts. (bottom edge), k. 2 tog., w.fd.; rep. from * to end, ending work 2. Work moss st. for 5 more rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 35 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 ins. Change to the patt. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 81 sts. Continue straight until there are 12½ ins. up side seam, including rib. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 41 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 80 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on collar and buttons. Sew in sleeves.

TROUSERS (Left Leg)

Cast on 15 sts. Work st.st., starting k. and cast on 10 sts. at beg. of 3rd row and every other row after until there are 85 sts. Change to the patt. with k. side facing and m. 1 st. at edge where 15 sts. were first cast on, on every 8th row until there are 95 sts. Work a few rows to make this edge 9 ins. Now work 30 sts. Cast off 35, work 30. Continue on these last sts. and k. 2 tog. at edge next casting off, on every row until there are no sts. left. Work other side the same.

RIGHT LEG

Cast on 15 sts. Work st.st., starting k. and cast on 10 sts. at beg. of 2nd row (p.) and every other row after until there are 85 sts. Continue as left leg, so that shapings come at opposite edge. Pick up 85 sts. along casting-on edge of each leg and work st.st. for 1 in. Cast off. Pick up 104 sts. round bottom of legs and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1 in. Cast off.

GUSSET

Cast on 2 sts. Work st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 32 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 2 sts. left. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up back and front seams from top to within last 3 ins. Sew gusset between these last 3 ins. at back and front. Sew rib together at legs. Hem st.st. at waist and thread elastic through.

END

Shirt Style Jumper

(Continued from page 45)

COLLAR

With No. 11 needles and dark blue cast on 104 sts. Work all k. and inc. by working twice into the 3rd st. from each edge on every other row until there are 3 ins. from beg. (44 sts.) Cast off.

SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 11 needles and dark blue cast on 57 sts. Work all k. for 2½ ins. Change to light blue and the pattern and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of 4th row and every 4th row after until there are 81 sts. Work straight until side seam measures 16½ ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 95 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 41 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Sew on buttonhole strip, not putting it at edge of opening but sewing edge of opening down centre of strip at back, so that centre point comes at centre. Sew on buttons.

END

Lumber Jacket

(Continued from page 44)

at the beg. of the next neck edge row, at the same time dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row until all sts. are cast off.

SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 13 needles cast on 43 sts. K. 4 rows plain knitting, continue in patt. until work measures 2 ins. from the beg. Now inc. in every st., making 86 sts. Change to No. 9 needles and work 16 ins. in patt. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 38 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 13 needles cast on 20 sts. Work 15 ins. in plain knitting. Cast off very loosely.

UNDERWRAP

With No. 13 needles cast on 12 sts. Work 17½ ins. in plain knitting. Cast off.

BUTTONCATCH

With No. 13 needles cast on 12 sts. Work 4 rows plain knitting. Make a buttonhole (k. 3, cast off 6, k. 3). **Next row.**—K. 3, cast on 6, k. 3. Make 5 more buttonholes 3½ ins. apart. Continue for 17 ins. from the beg. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams, sew in sleeves, pleating them at the top. Sew on underwrap and button catch to fronts. Sew on collar, work buttonholes, sew on buttons.

END

It would indeed be strange if a woman did not welcome the gift of a "Koneray." With graduated knife edge pleats ALL ROUND that taper off into a close fitting hip line, it is the most graceful, most slenderising of all skirts, yet it gives complete freedom of action. Such a skirt would have cost five guineas or more before patented machinery produced the first "Koneray." Now it costs, in any one of a number of quality materials, only 33/6 at all drapers and stores.

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The Winged Bomb (*Continued from page* 11)

"bomphlet" era when words and not explosives fell on Germany.

A man who stuck his mental talons into the air war game as a boy in his father's woods, studying the tactics and technique of falcons, on which he is a leading authority. A man as keen on sports, hunting, shooting, fishing (he won motor cycle races as a youngster) as his predecessor, Sir Cyril Newall, is on music and literature. A fresh-minded man who grew with the Air Force from the ground up, and has now recast the R.A.F. leadership as Britain, getting her second war wind, prepares for a hugely increased flow of new warplanes from British and U.S.A. plants, and an outflow from the empire training schools of a thousand skilled airmen a week, a fourth of those, pilots.

But I added that if a single effective assault on Hitler's invasion army was a factor in Portal's promotion, it was a minor one: there were other and better reasons. And to orient the picture even more closely to air war actualities, I pointed out that both those spectacular day and night operations were still defensive. Paradoxically, the fighter "Spitfires" and "Hurricanes," those world-famous destroyer craft, were defensive; and the Fighter Command is a defence command. Air power had to do more than block invasion attempts, and shoot down raiders, if it was going to play its full part in achieving a decision, let alone winning the war. That was the British problem, and so the fact that the new C.A.S. was a commander of the anonymous bombers, and not a commander of the renowned fighters, was significant—and ominous for Britain's enemies.

When the historians come to draft the technical balance sheet of this war, and the war students come to analyse it, the air war chapter is going to be the outstanding and most interesting and instructive one of all. The tale of the winged bomber and the flying gun and tough human minds worrying at the tangled problem of their most effective use in war: where they fit into the sea war machine, where into the land war engine, and how far they can operate efficiently and contribute to a war effort on a continental or world scale as an independent force, a third arm.

Portal has been portrayed in the rôle of Nelson against Hitler's Napoleon. That picture is all out of focus. Air fleets and sea fleets, as such, do not meet and fight a single grand action which can end a war—not that Nelson's destruction of Napoleon's combined fleet at Trafalgar did end that war. Further, unlike the Corsican and his marshals, who didn't understand sea power, couldn't think in sea war terms, and lacked ship-building resources anyway, the Austrian and his generals understand most things about air power, jumped far ahead in air war thinking in the first phase anyway (leaving their opponents dazed and defeated by a masterly co-ordination of air and ground forces), and their aircraft building resources are formidable, spread over most of industrialised Europe, and may overlap into Russia's aircraft factories supervised by German technicians.

If the Nazis and the Prussian general staff don't know *all* there is to know about air power, it's because nobody does at this stage of the war. But new layers of experience and knowledge are being uncovered very fast: and the whole pace is accelerating.

Not that it has been slow these last two years. It's astonishing to glance back to that other September, Munich-1938, and see Britain left defenceless against a Luftwaffe bomber fleet with a total bomb load then of around 2,000 tons: London with only seven modern A.A. guns of the four hundred minimum necessary, no "Spitfires" and only a couple of experimental "Hurricanes," slow and obsolete long-range bombers, an aircraft industry not geared to war production, even on the machine-tool side, and the R.A.F. and the Army still engaged in a professional controversy which the Reichswehr and the Luftwaffe had argued out and left behind.

Now even the "Spitfires" are obsolete, although they're better than any other fighter in commission anywhere, and the Germans have no machine to touch them. New machines are on the way, designed for new needs as the air war develops. Fighters to-morrow will be longer ranged, and more heavily armed. R.A.F. fighters are already using shell-firing guns, as the Germans armour their machines more heavily to stop the blast of eight machine guns firing simultaneously. The Americans mount a 37 mm. cannon in their new Bell Airacobra fighter, which is said to have a speed of five hundred miles per hour.

Bombers will again be divided into two separate design groups; the night bomber, huge, far-ranging, medium fast, and the day bomber, smaller but able to use height and terrific speed to baffle ground gun-fire, and its own heavy armament to defend itself against attacking fighter craft.

The admirals pulling more weight than the generals, Britain solved her sea-air co-operation problem early on. The Navy got its own Fleet Air Arm; and the R.A.F. constituted a coastal command as one of its three groups (the other two being fighter and bomber—the fourth, army co-operation, has only just come), with the job of patrolling coast waters and doing any fighting and bombing in their limited sea zone that might be necessary. The Taranto operation illustrates what can be done when you marry air and sea power. Admiral Cunningham used sea power to bring a couple of floating air-fields within air striking distance of Mussolini's main naval base, and torpedo bombers to blast the Duce's battle fleet in a moon-light surprise attack, well driven home.

But it was not until mid-November, 1940, that the generals and the air marshals formally ended their twenty years' war, and reached agreement on just how and where air and land power can be geared for ground operations. Some of the generals wanted a separate air arm, Navy fashion; and some of the air marshals suspected that the Army wanted to absorb the Air Force, American fashion. There being no single control, Prussian fashion, the controversy dragged on until, after Britain nearly lost the war in June, and the R.A.F. demonstrated its ability to hold the fort by the strength of its weaponed wings without aid from any one, and Mr. Churchill took vigorous hold and made some shaking-up staff changes all round, the problem was finally worked out and settled by way of a fourth R.A.F. Command for Army Co-operation under an R.A.F. marshal, but putting fighters, bombers, spotters and reconnaissance craft directly under Army control once a campaign starts.

It looks slow, but perhaps out of his follies John Bull is plucking good fortune again—he's done it often enough in the past. Britain is an ocean power, not a land power; and if she had diverted as much of her air resources and energy, as the Nazis did, to army co-operation, the Battle of France might not have turned out very differently (the French, being what they were, with Daladier's mistress making State appointments, Reynaud's celebrated Countess de Portes running a private phone line into his office, and Gamelin suffering from Maginotitis) but the Battle of Britain might have taken a different and disastrous twist. The Army might have had plenty of specially-designed machines and pilots for land-war use, but the defence-fighter force might have been inadequate, and long-range bombers might have been way down the priority list.

The German daylight raid tactics showed trial-and-error experimenting. They tried everything in their tactical repertory, and the British defence beat them every time. In the daylight mass battles, which began August 8, they used two-engined bombers, fighter-escorted, operating two-and-a-half miles high; lost six for one, and gave up after ten days. On September 5, they launched a new mass daylight attack, with the ceiling raised a mile, and targets approached from both flanks instead of the front; lost four for one, and gave up on the August 15. Thereafter, except for occasional hit-and-run raids by one or two "Dorniers" in cloudy weather, they used by day only three hundred and fifty miles per hour Messerschmitt "109" and "110" fighter-bombers, flying four and five miles up, keeping their heavy bombers for large-scale night raids, mainly of the terror type. This third phase of the air war over the British island is on as I write. It is, necessarily, a stop-gap phase. It cannot achieve a decision, or sufficiently damage military objectives or civilian morale to influence the course of the war in any decisive way.

Their costly experiments must have taught the Germans a lot; but they have probably taught the British more, at a minimum cost of fighter planes and pilots. The final war analysis may yet show the British out-ranging the Germans in this new-type war, in which the Germans began with an immense advantage.

But any way one looks at the air war from this time-spot on the edge of 1941, one sees a chain of interrogation marks trailing away until they dwindle from sight, like so many lamps along a night street stretching away, it seems, to the world's end.

What is the counter to the night bomber, and will the Germans (who up to mid-November had scored the biggest number of night bombers downed—ten) or the British find it first? The big German mass-production plants can make good the bomber and fighter losses; but how far can personnel losses be replaced? Can Britain design, build and get operating an effective long-range, heavily-armed interceptor-fighter plane force, before the German long-range bomber attacks on her Atlantic shipping lanes become really serious? Who will win the race for a new daylight bomber which can use high speed and a high ceiling as defence against "flak" and fighter, but still hold its own in a straight fight with interceptor craft? How soon can the Americans gear their giant motor-car and expanding aircraft mass-production plants to maximum quantity production of that most intricate machine, the warplane, with one hundred and eighty thousand different parts; and what will the promised "half of American output" amount to by spring, by summer, by the year's end, and in 1942? The questions extend endlessly, and every attempted answer carries its "if," "but," "assuming," and "providing."

British bombers smashing at Germany's synthetic oil plants, which provide the Reich with four out of the fifteen million tons she needs for her full war programme, might have done a better job in a fraction of the time, *if* the British war leadership had been able to make up its collective mind in time to destroy the Rumanian oil wells and refineries and storage tanks, before the Germans walked in, by way of occupation troops and a puppet government, and chucklingly laid hands on the whole Rumanian oil flow of six million tons a year. The *Empress of Britain* might be afloat to-day, *if* Britain had been able to use as coastal command air bases the west Irish ports.

The geographical factor keeps intruding. The Germans bomb the British; but the British disperse, tap their world empire and the Americas for machines and supplies, send their airmen to train in distant dominions. The British bomb the Germans; but the Germans disperse their industrial plants, organise supply lines from most of overrun Europe, shift their flying schools to Eastern Germany, persuade Stalin to do for them in Russia, beyond R.A.F. reach, some of the things that Roosevelt is doing for the British in the U.S.A., beyond reach of the Luftwaffe (at least, to-day's Luftwaffe).

Air power dominates all the movements and strategical shifts and turns of the belligerents, even patterns the everyday life of the peoples who live in big cities under its shadow, their days and nights punctuated

by the wailings of siren "alerts" and "all clears," the racket of anti-aircraft gun fire, and the crump of bombs. But some authorities still insist that air power, unrelated to land and sea power, cannot achieve a decision when the belligerents are about evenly matched, and that the destructiveness and terror-power of aerial bombing have been much over-rated. There is something in this.

HITLER'S war machine roared over Poland. It finished that war in seventeen days largely because Goering's air force caught the Polish squadrons on the ground at the outset, and wrecked many of them there, and put airfields out of action. The Reichswehr could and did use transport planes for outflanking operations: an impossible operation with fast fighter planes on the job in force.

So as 1940 drew to a close, and Britain still stood, and hit back air blows which grew in weight and range, we find General Kabisch in the *Koelnische Zeitung* warning the Germans to get out of mind the idea that the dive-bombers won in Poland, and that the Luftwaffe can bring the war against Britain to a triumphant end. Only the army can achieve a decision, by putting troops into England. "We must strengthen the army, as the air war against England will not be decisive."

An air age did not crop from the seed of the first World War. The expenditure of blood and treasure was tremendous, the air fleets at the war's end were huge, the aircraft industry was geared to immense production. But the trouble was that the development of aviation in those four years was wholly militaristic. Engines remained unreliable. Materials were unsuitable. Metallurgy was not up to the job. Fuels were inferior. Speeds were relatively low. Ground organisation was elementary. Radio was only just growing up. Pilots tended to be dashing individualists rather than the safe, routine professionals demanded by any transportation service competing with rail and boat services in time, comfort, cost, regularity, and safety.

All that has changed. Flying is safer than motoring on a *per capita* casuality basis. Trans-ocean passages of thousands of miles are flown to time-table. Distances have been contracted from weeks to days, and from days to hours, without any increase in normal travel risk. The Americas are a network of airways, and the U.S. commercial lines have more airfields than the U.S. army owns.

It is clear that America, ocean-moated, the half-way house between Asia and Europe, will be the centre of tomorrow's world air system, with Britain, the gateway to Europe, and a world shipping and commercial centre, as the chief junction in this hemisphere. Those insular dreams are probably fading which saw this little island in the North Atlantic as the chief world air station, simply because it happened to be the hub of a world sea empire, and able—alone among the nations—to run its own air service right around the world, touching only at its own empire bases, and not having to negotiate treaties with any foreign power.

BUT in tomorrow's world the minds of men may have broken through the barriers of national and imperial exclusiveness, and reached out to wider conceptions.

In this possible after-war world, a Britain which has leased naval bases to America and offered the use of Singapore to the U.S. navy, and an America which is sending half the output of its aeroplane plants to Britain, are scarcely likely to continue a private-enterprise or even a government-encouraged-and-subsidized fight between two national groups of capitalists and entrepreneurs for dominance of the world air carrying trade, with national or imperial bases used as pawns in the business game.

An Anglo-American, or Anglo-American-Russian, corporation merging all competing interests, and going ahead to develop world air travel, would bring in the air age overnight, and time and space in human life would contract more sharply and even more beneficially than happened when the locomotive, the steamship, and the motor car replaced the horse and human feet as means of moving about the planet.

END

Sir Walter Raleigh (*Continued from page* 3)

of high adventure and favour. He was fifty, and the world turned against him. He was back in the Tower, facing trial for his life. He was condemned to death, but the sentence was suspended.

For thirteen years he languished in prison. But was he downhearted? No! He knew himself to be, if not entirely innocent of knowlege of conspiracy, certainly not sufficiently disloyal to his king to be guilty of sentence. He started on a History of the World, he dabbled in chemistry, he wrote verse, he wrote philosophical treatises. The toughness of the man sustained the horror of those long, damp and bleak years of incarceration. His ingenious mind was constantly employed on schemes for his release and enrichment. One finally gave him his liberty. It is a tragic story that now begins. For Raleigh persuaded James that he could find him a nice gold mine in Guiana if he were given ships and men. At the age of sixty-five the old adventurer set his face to the west again on his last great voyage. The expedition was a failure. His own son was killed in fighting the Spaniards and Raleigh was crippled with fever. But back to England he came as he had promised. James rewarded his enterprise by reviving the death sentence of fifteen years before.

In October, 1618, Raleigh sat in his cell with only a few hours more to live. The hand that had once scratched gay lyrics on window panes for Queen Bess's amusement, penned Raleigh's farewell:

"EV'N SUCH IS TIME WHICH TAKES ON TRUST
OUR YOUTH AND JOYS, AND ALL WE HAVE
AND PAYS US BUT WITH AGE AND DUST;
WHICH IS THE DARK AND SILENT GRAVE,
WHEN WE HAVE WANDERED ALL OUR WAYS,
SHUTS UP THE STORY OF OUR DAYS;
AND FROM WHICH EARTH, AND GRAVE AND DUST,
THE LORD SHALL RISE ME UP, I TRUST."

In such a spirit passed Sir Walter Raleigh, of the age of Edmund Spenser, Essex, Francis Drake, Marlowe, Richard Grenville and Shakespeare.

END

Lunch in the Office (*Continued from page* 46)

pepper. Mix all dry ingredients together and moisten with a little gravy or meat extract.

Cold Mutton.—Diced or minced mutton and cold potato mixed with either cold onion sauce, or red currant jelly and gravy, or cold mint sauce.

Curry.—1 large apple; 1 small chopped onion; fat; a few currants and sultanas; a little flour; 1 teaspoon (level) curry powder; 1 teaspoon brown sugar; ½ teacup milk or stock.

Peel, core and slice the apple and fry in a little fat with the currants and sultanas until golden brown. Add a sprinkling of flour and stir well. Meanwhile, mix curry powder and sugar with the milk or stock. Add this to the mixture. Stir all together over the fire until it is of a fairly firm consistency.

END

NEW BLOOD TREATMENT FOR SKIN TROUBLES

Year's Benefit Achieved in One Day: "Thinking Internally"

When Rashes, Pimples, Sores and Ulcers break out on your face and body, you should not say your skin is bad. They really mean your **blood is bad.** This is why "putting something on" your skin does not do much lasting good. The cause is internal. In most cases the horrible outbreaks are only poisons coming to the surface. This fact has led modern research workers upon skin troubles to "think internally" and concentrate on finding new and efficient means of purifying the blood. Yet, strangely enough, it was from the oldest, finest and best-known blood-purifier of all that has now sprung a new method of truly surprising power and effectiveness.

Tiny Amount

For hundreds of years people have known about the blood-purifying qualities of sulphur. It is the basis of dozens of skin remedies and a standard Spring medicine for "spots." But what most people do not know is the tiny amount of sulphur that ever gets into the blood, however much you take. Authorities have estimated that, even if you could eat a hundredweight, only a saltspoonful would ever find its way where it is wanted—into your blood stream.

Now a brilliant chemist has discovered an entirely new form of sulphur that is **all absorbed** and the effect is just what one would imagine—truly remarkable. For the first time this great blood-purifier can be brought to bear **at full strength.** You get more sulphur into your blood in one day than you could before by a year of treatment. So quick is the action in most cases, that day to day improvement can be seen. Rashes fade; maddening irritation ceases; spots, pimples and boils disappear; sores dry up; ulcers heal and beautiful new skin quickly forms.

Record Success

40,000 sufferers who had given up hope of ever getting relief, have now been permanently cured and, following this record of success, it has now been decided to offer the treatment under guarantee. To sufferers who write today, it can definitely be undertaken that they shall witness the clearing up of their Skin Troubles in **two weeks** or the trial treatment shall not cost a penny. If you suffer from Eczema, Dermatitis, Acne, Pimples, Boils, Barber's Rash, Psoriasis, Leg Trouble, Impetigo, etc., or even if you merely have a muddy and blemished complexion, you are cordially invited to write, without obligation, to Soluble Sulphur Ltd. (Dept. B.E.), 60 Strand, London, W.C.2, for full particulars of this guarantee and a free copy of the remarkable book, **The Only Way To End Skin Troubles For Good.** If you care to enclose 2½d. stamp to cover postage it will be appreciated.

Britannia & Eve, Jan., 1941

McCALL'S Paysandu OX-TONGUES
RENOWNED FOR OUTSTANDING EXCELLENCE!

Torpedoed ! (*Continued from page* 31)

great hurry and said that the lookout at the foremast-head had sighted a submarine.

Up I went to the bridge as hard as I could pelt, and studied the low grey shape through my glasses. It was a Fritz all right—you never could mistake the shape of their conning tower—about two miles away. There was no sign of activity aboard.

I rang the engines full ahead, and told the chief to make her go as he had never made her go before. He did ! We began to quiver and throb under such a head of steam as the old ship was never meant to carry. We put the U-boat below the horizon, carried on long enough to give us a healthy clearance, and then swung round in a detour to miss the place where the killer lay.

Two hours later, I'm damned if we didn't see the same U-boat again, cruising gently along on a course that would intersect ours. Again, still unspotted, we put about and went off hell for leather.

As we tore along we saw another British ship come over the horizon on a course that would take her between us and the U-boat. We ran up the signal, "Submarine in sight," and pounded on our way.

For some reason she took no notice. But not for long ! Ten minutes later she suddenly put about and came thundering after us, dropping smoke bombs behind as hard as she could go. "Well, she's between us and the torpedoes !" my first muttered. "And we've got the heels of her, too."

We ran out of sight presently, and I have never known whether that ship was put down the locker or not. Anyway, our dynamite was saved, and we got it to Bombay safely, though the Mediterranean was as full of submarines as the Dogger is of herrings, and we also had to run the gauntlet of Karl Nerger's *Wolf*, a 6,000-ton raider with four 6-in. guns and 500 floating mines that was then looking for British ships on our route.

One of my runs after that was to Cuba to load sugar for Britain. The Germans were making a dead set at the sugar boats at that time, and sank 50,000 tons of sugar in less than three months. Some of the men used to call that run the "suicide cruise"—but there never was any lack of seamen ready to take it, I noticed.

Only once or twice during the war were Italian warships used to convoy us, and we had a pretty poor idea of their crews as fighting men. I recall the only occasion when we were attacked by a U-boat when under Italian escort.

It was in the Mediterranean; we were travelling with a big Italian cargo ship, under guard of a powerful Italian destroyer. About 3 a.m., as I was dozing, the second officer whistled down my speaking tube, and reported heavy gunfire alongside. A U-boat had engaged the Italian cargo boat and was pumping shells into her.

I ran up on to the bridge; the noise was terrific, and the flashes of the guns were like lightning. The Italian destroyer—a new and heavily armed boat—was there to do the fighting, and my orders were to take to my heels if anything like that happened, so off we went, and got away quite safely.

I turned in after a time, but just before daylight the chief officer reported that he had seen a big destroyer travelling fast on a parallel course. Later that day, as we berthed at our destination, I saw the Italian destroyer come in—the one that had been escorting us and the cargo boat.

I asked an Italian officer on shore if he knew whether she had got the submarine that made the night attack.

"Alas !" he said, wringing his hands, "we hear she has had a misfortune. She set out with two ships under her guard, but she got separated from them and a U-boat sank them."

I pointed out that my ship had not been sunk, and forebore to comment on the tale. But if that destroyer had not run away at the sound of the gunfire, I'm a Dutchman ! The Italian ship she had been "protecting" really *was* sunk.

Returning home after that voyage, I carried a full cargo of iron ore. A nasty cargo in wartime—one torpedo or a bit of shelling, and down you go like a stone without even time to take to the boats.

AT Gibraltar we joined a convoy of sixteen ships, and all went well till we got to Dover Straits. I was commodore-ship that voyage, with the convoy commodore and six signalmen aboard.

Off Beachy Head we dispersed, and I went on with one other ship, the *Sarpendon*, to the Downs. It was a foggy winter night, and we were travelling with dimmed lights so as not to attract enemy notice. The third officer was on the bridge with me, and the commodore was up on Monkey Island (the top bridge) just before midnight, when I sighted the dark loom of a ship on my port bow just beyond the *Sarpendon*.

She cut wildly across *Sarpendon's* bows, barely missing her, and headed straight at us. There was no chance of avoiding a collision.

"Hard a-starboard !" I yelled. That was the rule then, though it has been changed since.

The wheel spun, the ship began to turn away—but it was hopeless, and the newcomer smashed into us just abaft the bridge where I stood, her bows towering over us, for she was a much bigger ship.

The vessels ground and grappled like leviathans fighting; men shouted, engines throbbed, water poured about; the commodore came leaping down from Monkey Island yelling, "She's going; we're sinking by the head !"

The ship that had hit us staggered off, and the night swallowed her up. I rushed the chief officer and carpenter down to sound the wells while I tried to beach my ship. We had taken a lot of water, and it was still pouring in; *we had a hole twenty feet long in our starboard bow*, and all that iron aboard; one of our anchors and 120 fathoms of chain had been torn away.

With the pumps clacking like mad, we crept inshore in the dark till we could hear breakers ahead. Would the remaining anchor go down? Our bows were as flat as a plate, and if the hawsepipe was flattened, we must inevitably be wrecked. I gave a sigh of relief when I heard the chain rattle out.

When light came we were still afloat; we managed to patch her up and shore up the collision bulkhead with baulks of timber, and then, with an armed trawler on each side, we limped off towards Middlesbrough for repairs.

At the Sunk Lightship, we were stopped by a signal: "Channel mined !" The place was lousy with floating mines.

The minesweepers came fussing up and got to work, hour after hour. Not until daybreak next morning were we allowed to move on. The minesweepers were still standing by. We passed very close to one—and when we were near enough to have tossed a biscuit aboard her, she vanished in a terrific spout of flames, water and debris, and the explosion shook my battered ship from steam to stern. She had found an overlooked mine.

We got to Middlesbrough after difficulties with a pilot who wanted us to make full speed ahead (because there were U-boats about); but I was not going to risk sinking my ship by hurrying her in the condition she then was.

At Middlesbrough, while we were berthing, the *Hermione* of Liverpool came crawling in. She was badly holed, and it did not need my starboard anchor aboard her to tell me she was our acquaintance of the collision. She had had a rotten time too, that night, with 120 fathoms of our chain hanging on to her till she got it aboard.

END

A Matter of Persuasion (*Continued from page* 27)

barely an hour since she had devoured several pastries and a cup of foaming chocolate. His mind groped blindly for a plan of escape.

"I'm terribly sorry, Lady Nugent, but I've a hundred things to do at the office."

Her hand tightened on his arm. "You can't leave me stranded among all these—these savages," she pleaded in a small voice. He squirmed at the sound of that baby lisp emerging from such a vast and obviously capable frame.

"I'll put these parcels in a cab and. . . ." His voice trailed miserably as she steered him into a restaurant which bore the one word, "Kosher," on the steamy plate-glass window.

"I simply love Jewish cooking, don't you?" she cooed.

He nodded miserably, the dream of playing tennis that afternoon fading inexorably from the horizon. In a few minutes he felt better. The food was really delicious if a little hard on the digestion. The chopped liver, oozing with chicken fat, was followed by *lockshen* soup, the Jewish version of vermicelli. With a little sigh of satisfaction Lady Nugent welcomed the appearance of the roast duck. Watching her, Raymond could not help admiring the unashamed, almost animal, pleasure with which she tackled her food. It was the same with her dancing; for her size she danced extremely well, but that was because she really enjoyed it and responded instinctively to the music. He smiled, comparing her with some of the starched and stringy miladies he had so often had to entertain at dinners and official receptions. For the first time he admitted that he felt quite a liking for her; she was so utterly sure of herself, so free from self-consciousness. He asked himself how she could live with a fossil like His Excellency.

She caught his smile and laughed. "Do you know, my dear, that's the first time you've lost that frown."

He smoothed back his hair. "I'm afraid we've a lot on our hands," he grinned. "Palestine isn't all colour and history."

Suddenly (amazing woman !) her eyes filled with tears.

"That raid on Tel-Aviv was horrible."

"It's not Italian bombers that worry us," he said thoughtfully, "though it's a ghastly business when women and children come into it. At the moment we're rather anxious about the forged bank-notes which they're smuggling into Palestine. Benson has tracked down about £50,000 worth, but there must be an awful lot still about."

They drove back in a taxi. Outside the Jaffa Gate they nearly knocked down an Arab shepherd who was vainly attempting to steer a herd of goats through the milling crowd. Looking back, Mayhew saw the victim brandishing a long butcher's knife and yelling curses after them. He was soon swallowed in a cloud of dust.

Outside the hotel they shook hands. A *kavass* rushed forward to take the parcels, bowing and salaaming. Watching Lady Nugent stalk into the lobby, her head high and something of the dignity of a Roman matron in her bearing, he found himself recalling Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a performance, long ago, of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*.

He told the driver to take him to police headquarters where Sir Giles Nugent and his staff had been given quarters. He was hard at work decoding a big batch of telegrams when his secretary, Eve Franks, came in. She was smallish, but her slim well-shaped legs in high-heeled shoes gave her extra inches. She was dark and sleek. Her ice

blue linen suit set off her sun-tanned skin to perfection. Like most Jewesses, she would probably run to fat one day.

"Sir Giles wants you to see him as soon as possible," she drawled. The faint twang in her voice, which Mayhew liked, was the result of her schooling at the American College in Beirut.

"Thank you, Miss Franks," smiled Mayhew. He watched her reflectively. She returned his smile and went out with a slight swaying of the hips. It would be nice to give her dinner one night, he mused. She probably danced like a dream; most Jewish girls did. But, of course, it wouldn't do to be seen dancing with his secretary. There was a frown on his face as he went across to the chief's room. This wasn't the first time he had had to turn his back on some fun because it "wasn't done." To hell with the Service, he thought savagely!

But the old smile was in place when he faced Sir Giles. "Come in, Mayhew," said His Excellency. He turned to the little bald-headed man who was knocking out his pipe into the wastepaper basket. "I think you know Benson?"

Mayhew nodded and the Chief of Police grunted as he slipped a cleaner through the stem of his pipe.

Sir Giles was worried. For a moment he looked helplessly from his assistant to Benson. At last he seemed to have reached a decision.

"You'd better explain this affair to Mayhew," he said uncomfortably.

The little man jumped up at once. "Well, Mr. Mayhew, something very serious has happened," he began. He handed him a small black object, about one inch square. "Know what this is?" he snapped.

"Looks like a micro-camera," replied Mayhew, puzzled.

"It is," said the policeman briskly. "And it's about the deadliest weapon in the business." The young man nodded. Once the spring was released that little camera could photograph any document within range, and nobody but the user would be any the wiser.

Sir Giles frowned. Opening the camera he extracted a tiny negative which he handed to his assistant. "Have a look at that through this glass," he said quietly, passing a magnifying lens. Mayhew did so, and a whistle of dismay passed from his lips.

"Good heavens, sir," he exclaimed. "It's A.4!"

"Exactly," cut in Benson. "Sir Giles tells me that you were at work on a code which would make it difficult for anybody but a British Intelligence officer to break this message."

Mayhew nodded dumbly. He was still shaken by what he had seen through the magnifying glass.

"I found this little bag of tricks this morning when I searched Kiazim's house," Benson was saying. Kiazim was an Arab merchant who had long been known as an Italian agent. Army Intelligence had had their eye on him, but allowed him to send his reports into Syria and Egypt after they were "plugged" with misleading data by our own men.

"So you've nabbed him at last," observed Mayhew.

Benson looked at him squarely. "I found that he was the ring-leader of this dud note business," he grunted. "But I found this camera as well as the printing presses."

Mayhew looked grave. "This is pretty serious," he said slowly. "Have you any idea who's got the photograph of that document?"

His Excellency cleared his throat as he always did when he was angry. "If we knew that we shouldn't be taking up your valuable time," he said tartly. "The fact is that if we don't find the photograph pretty soon we shall have ruined all our work, apart from endangering thousands of our friends."

Mayhew nodded miserably. He was well aware of the importance of that document. It was nothing more nor less than a skeleton scheme for establishing a British Intelligence organisation in Syria. When the time came for us to march against the Italians it would be essential to have a link with our allies on the other side of the border. That might be half the battle in keeping Mussolini's fingers off the Mosul oil pipe line.

"Now can you tell us who, apart from Sir Giles and yourself, had access to this code message?" the police chief went on.

"Nobody, so far as I know," said Mayhew thoughtfully. "Of course, people were in and out of the room while I was coding it, but only members of the staff."

"Just as I said," commented His Excellency with some satisfaction.

Benson leaned forward. "Could someone on the staff have photographed the document?" he demanded.

"Impossible," replied Mayhew with a half-smile. "Everybody is vouched for up to the hilt. My secretary, Miss Franks, was recommended by one of our most trusted agents. The telephone operators were sent over by Army Intelligence." He mused heavily, and a faint smile crept over his lips. "Besides, it's quite possible that someone from downstairs," he stressed the last word, "might have got up here after we'd gone."

"That's absurd," fumed Benson. "Everybody in my department has years of service to his credit."

Sir Giles held up a limp hand. "This quibbling is quite unprofitable." He turned to the police chief. "What do you suggest, Benson?"

"I've given orders that the city gates and frontier are to be closely watched." He spread his hands helplessly. "But, frankly, I don't know how we're going to search every burnous and shopping basket in Jerusalem. The thief is far too smart to be caught now. I'll wager the photograph is in Beirut by now."

Sir Giles stiffened. "That's a little gloomy," he remarked sharply. "I think you should try and get Kiazim to talk. These wretches will say anything to save their own skins."

Sensing that he had gone too far, the chief of police tried to cover up.

"We'll do our best, your Excellency," he said in a quieter tone. "As you say, he may talk." With that he departed, puffing furiously at his pipe.

When the door had closed Sir Giles seemed to sag in his chair. His face was the colour of a lemon.

"God alone knows what they'll say about this in Whitehall," he muttered.

Mayhew went out very quietly. It is not pleasant to watch a man staring at the ruins of a career.

ONLY a crisis of the first magnitude could have made her husband miss his dinner. Rita Nugent knew that; his incessant smoking of cigarettes instead of the accustomed cigar confirmed her worst fears. Slowly, but with infinite gentleness, she had dragged the whole story from him. Usually the soul of discretion where professional secrets were in issue, Sir Giles had for once yielded to her curiosity. After all, he reflected, this disaster would hit her pretty hard, too; but at the back of his mind was the craving for sympathy and perhaps a word of hope. Rita was a shrewd woman and she had been right over a good many things in the past.

"Did you say that Benson had managed to find that counterfeit money, dear?" she asked thoughtfully.

Her husband nodded. He was about to pour himself another Scotch-and-soda when the police chief was announced.

"Hallo, Benson," said Sir Giles, trying to keep the nervousness from his voice. "Any news?"

Benson took out a notebook with a gesture of emphasis.

"We've been rounding up every one who knew Kiazim," he answered, without looking up. "So far, however, we've drawn a blank. But we do know that a veiled woman visited him on Thursday evening." He looked at Sir Giles with a twisted ironical smile. "If we can have a word with that mysterious visitor I think we shall learn a good deal about the photograph."

"Any idea who she might be?" asked Sir Giles.

(*Continued on page* 68)

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Benson shrugged. "Not yet. Of course, we're checking and cross-checking, but it's a slow process. We've given Kiazim an awful drubbing, but he won't open his mouth." He sipped his whisky. "He knows that we're so keen to get the photograph back that we might try to buy him off and withdraw the counterfeiting charge." He looked up keenly. "And that gives me the idea that the missing photograph is still in Jerusalem. Otherwise, Kiazim would not run the risk of letting the woman get it across the frontier before he could come to terms with us."

"That's a very sound deduction," commented His Excellency, clutching at this hopeful theory.

Rita Nugent stirred her coffee. She turned to Benson with a thoughtful smile.

"Could that camera have been hidden in a large ring, for example?" she demanded, indicating the square-cut stone on her own middle finger.

Benson nodded, surprised by the question. He looked puzzled but she went on stirring her coffee and did not pursue her inquiry.

After the police chief had departed Sir Giles settled down with a thriller, but it was obvious from his abstracted expression that his mind was not on the printed page. He nodded wearily when his wife murmured something about going downstairs to play a rubber of contract. For the first time in years she kissed him. His eyes were moist when he took up his novel once again.

Rita Nugent did not join the bridge players in the hotel lounge. Instead she looked up Eve Franks's address in the telephone directory and asked the *kavass* to call a taxi. As the old Rénault bumped and swerved through the dark streets she was aware that her heart was beating wildly. But she reassured herself with the thought that even if she was blundering little harm would be done. The girl would have better sense than to gossip about the weak-mindedness of her chief's wife.

THE taxi pulled up outside a newly erected block of flats near the Damascus Gate. Burying her mouth in the collar of her evening wrap she stalked past the porter and entered the lift. All her nervousness seemed to have vanished, and there was a cold smile on her face as she pressed the bell outside Flat 409. The tread of slippered feet was followed by a ray of light from the door. Eve Franks stood before her wearing a silk dressing-gown and an expression of surprise.

Before she could speak Lady Nugent had gently pushed open the door and was standing in the hall.

"May I come in, my dear?" she murmured.

The girl collected herself. "Certainly, Lady Nugent. This is a great honour." Rita followed her into the living-room which was comfortably furnished and lit by a standard lamp in the corner. She took in the beautiful rugs and the cream-coloured cocktail cabinet with a quick glance.

"This *is* a nice flat," she observed, taking a cigarette from the box which Eve Franks had passed her. "Is it expensive?" Her voice was a little murmur.

"Not very," answered the girl casually. "I'm paid quite a good salary, Lady Nugent." Was there a hint of frost in the reply?

"And doubtless you have private means," said Rita pleasantly.

The girl's eyes narrowed, but the cool smile remained in place.

"I'm afraid I'm very tired, Lady Nugent. If there is anything. . . ."

Rita Nugent seemed not to have heard her. "I notice you're not wearing that lovely ring, Miss Franks," she observed. "You know I've often admired it. It's such a clever little gadget and so useful; a little watch made into a ring." She gave a little laugh.

The girl frowned, but she made no comment on this very strange remark.

"Can I see it, my dear?" the older woman went on. "I'm such a fool about jewellery, you know." She gave a little nervous laugh. "Once I see something I like I simply must have it! Silly of me, isn't it?"

The girl shook her head. Her brows came together in a puzzled line as she stooped to take a cigarette.

"I'm afraid the watch is being repaired," she said lightly. "And if you are really anxious to have one like it, Lady Nugent, I can tell you where I bought mine. It's a little bazaar——"

"No, my dear," cut in the visitor, "I want yours." She was still smiling, but the banter had slipped from her voice. "I think it's unwise for a girl in my husband's department to be wearing such a ring."

"I don't follow you," the girl said quietly.

Lady Nugent looked at her quizzingly. "I think you do, my dear." She leaned forward. "I happen to know that your ring was large enough to conceal a little camera." Her mouth hardened. "It was so easy to slip the camera into the place where the watch had been, wasn't it?"

Eve Franks stood up slowly. "I'm afraid I don't understand riddles, Lady Nugent," she said coldly.

"And I think you do," snapped Rita without getting up. "You see I happen to know that your friend, Kiazim, was arrested yesterday, and he's talking his head off."

The girl sat down and shrugged lightly. "You're still talking in riddles," she laughed. But the note of respect had vanished.

"Don't be a fool, my girl," snapped Lady Nugent. "The police will be here in the morning. I want you to return that photograph to me before they come. I've my own reasons for not wishing them to find it themselves."

Eve Franks shrugged her shoulders. "I'm afraid you underrate me, Lady Nugent," she laughed coldly. "I've never heard of Kiazim, and I must ask you to leave. I'm not paid to be insulted after office hours."

"By all means, Miss Franks," Rita drawled without stirring from the armchair. "But you may also be interested to hear that your brother has been arrested in Jaffa for his share in this theft."

For the first time the mask slipped and a look of fear and incredulity appeared in her eyes.

"But why?" she faltered. Rita Nugent pressed home the advantage.

"If you give me that photograph I can promise that your brother and yourself will escape lightly," she added. "You must trust me."

The girl shook her head. She puffed at her cigarette but did not immediately reply.

"Do you still want to buy my ring?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes, my dear, if that little photograph is still inside."

"How much?" was the next blunt question.

Rita Nugent looked surprised. She had not bargained for this, convinced as she was that the girl had taken fright. Then a strange look flickered over her face and she was smiling again.

"Shall we say £1,000?" she ventured.

The spy looked triumphant. "I'll want £2,000," she said finally. "You see, Lady Nugent, it's such a nice ring."

The older woman tightened her lips but ignored the sarcasm.

"If you'll bring the money in Bank of England notes to the French Bazaar at noon to-morrow you will be accosted by an Arab beggar," continued the girl. "He will say, 'Pretty English lady would like to buy a brooch?' You see," she added venomously, "Orientals are such gross flatterers."

Once more Lady Nugent clung to the frayed ends of her temper. She was even smiling as Eve Franks held the door open for her.

A Matter of Persuasion

"But how on earth did you get it?" Mayhew asked for the third time. Once again he examined the precious photograph.

Lady Nugent smiled happily. "It's a long story, my dear boy. I've never liked that girl. Call it feminine intuition, if you like, or perhaps I was a wee bit jealous." She showed her lovely white teeth. "That girl was hopelessly in love with you, I think."

He laughed. "You're quite wrong, Lady Nugent. Why, I've never encouraged her in the slightest degree."

Her dark eyes raked his face. "I know women, Ray, and I can smell a wrong 'un miles away."

He still looked puzzled. "But what made her give it up, that's what stumps me."

She turned on him with a funny look. "I told her that she had implicated her brother in Jaffa. You see, darling, I happen to know that Jews are very clannish and will make big sacrifices for their family. As a matter of fact, my father was of the chosen people, so it was really a matter of persuasion!" She chuckled over her little pun, but Mayhew did not laugh.

"BUT I can't understand this brother business," he said with a frown. He knew that Franks, the shipping clerk in Jaffa, was one of the best Intelligence agents in our service. In fact, it was on his recommendation that Eve Franks had been given her job. Of course it was possible that brother and sister were on different sides; that sort of thing had happened before. Yet the fact that the girl had given up the photograph so easily seemed to suggest that the chance shot had gone home and the brother was really involved. It seemed impossible to believe that Franks would assist the Italians after his wonderful work for our Army Intelligence.

"Are you quite sure that saving her brother was the only inducement?" he asked.

"Not altogether, dear," replied Lady Nugent. "You see, I also gave her £2,000."

"£2,000!" he echoed. That helped to explain the spy's action. He was relieved to know that the cash had been the mainspring and not the brother's safety; but it might be kinder not to mar Lady Nugent's satisfaction with her tactics!

She was chuckling to herself and her bosom simply heaved.

"My dear," she gasped. "That's the beauty of the whole thing! Clever Miss Franks won't get very far with that cash. You see, it's dud money."

"Dud?" he exclaimed.

She nodded. "The morning after I'd seen her I persuaded Benson to lend me a packet of the counterfeit notes which he'd found at Kiazim's house." She flashed him a wise smile. "When she's caught with that money she'll have quite enough to worry about, the slut! I thought it was better than having her nabbed for this spy business and getting your department into trouble." She dabbed at her mouth with a stick of lip rouge. "It would have looked rather silly admitting to Whitehall that a valuable document had disappeared under your noses, wouldn't it?"

He nodded dumbly. "You've done wonders," was all he could say. "But how am I to appear with this photograph? I'll need some explanation."

"Well, you're the diplomat, darling. I've done my share."

Her eyes yearned. "Little Rita is so tired," she cooed in the baby voice he disliked so much. "Doesn't she deserve a wee kiss from Ray?"

As his mouth brushed her lips Raymond Mayhew reached an important decision. He would leave the Service and join the army in Egypt. In the front line you had, at least, a chance.

END

1.1.41

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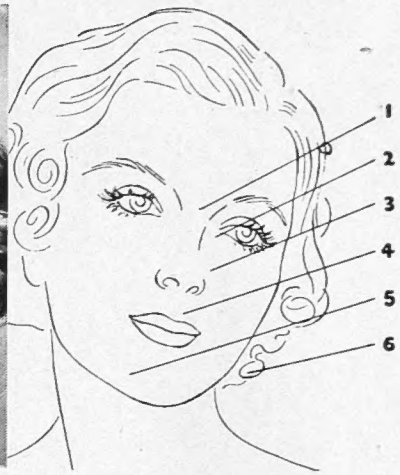

Analysis of **LADY PATRICIA FRENCH'S** features

1. *Shape of Face:* Rounded, with a broad, serene forehead.
2. *Eyes:* Starry, dark, almond-shaped with long black lashes.
3. *Nose:* Short and straight with fine, even-pored skin.
4. *Mouth:* Small, beautifully shaped.
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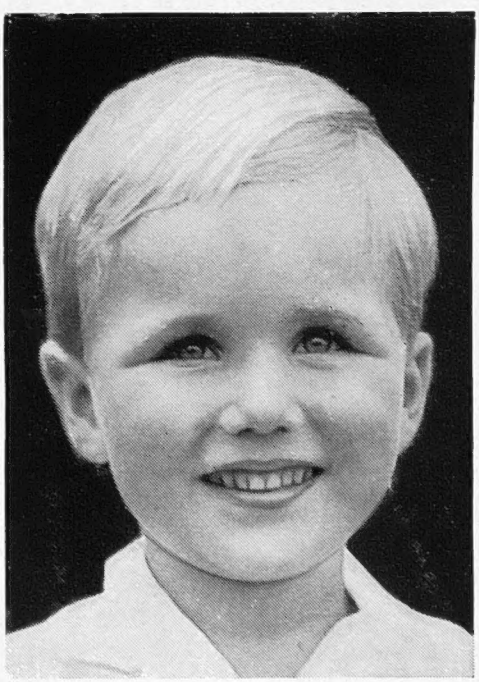

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